THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE contest at West Hartlepool has fairly commenced, and it promises to be one of the most interesting elections we have had since 1886. The Unionists have been fortunate in securing as their representative a man who has long enjoyed an altogether exceptional degree of popularity in the borough, where he is a great employer of labour, a prominent citizen, and a public benefactor. But whilst the Liberal candidate, MR. FURNESS, is heavily weighted in having to contend with such an adversary as SIR WILLIAM GRAY, he and his supporters have entered upon the contest in the best spirits. The Liberals of the county of Durham are not men to be frightened by shadows, and it will astonish many of the timid politicians of the south to see with what confidence the people of West Hartlepool are engaging in a struggle which will be fought for principles rather than for persons. A victory for the Liberal party would, of course, have a significance that could hardly be exaggerated; but even if victory is not secured, a stoutly fought contest will prove that courage and self-dependence have not fled from the Liberal ranks because of the treason of MR. PARNELL, and that the croakers of the London press have signally misread the signs of the times in imagining that the Home Rule cause is dead.

LORD ZETLAND and MR. BALFOUR have jointly addressed a letter to the newspapers appealing for subscriptions for the poor on the western seaboard of Ireland. The appeal deserves, and we trust will meet with, support. Yet nothing can be more anomalous than the fact that it should have been issued by the two men who are now at the head of the Government of Ireland, and that it is dated from Dublin Castle, the central point of an administrative system with which the great majority of the Irish people have no kind of sympathy. We do not charge the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary with having taken this step in order to serve political ends; but before they took it they ought, in the interests of the Irish poor, to have reflected upon the fact that the appeal would have had a far greater chance of success if it had been made by those who were not the chief officials of the Irish Government. It would have been an easy matter for LORD ZETLAND to have organised a committee (of which LADY ZETLAND might have been the head) to carry out the good work which he and MR. BALFOUR have undertaken. For our part we cannot see why old precedents were not followed, and an appeal to the public charity thus removed from all appearance of public partisanship.

WE must, however, be thankful for small mercies. MR. BALFOUR has so long treated the representations of Irish members as to the existence of extreme distress among a considerable section of the population with open incredulity, that we cannot but welcome his tardy conversion to the views of his opponents on this question. It is a fresh admission of the fact that the man who is supposed to rule Ireland knows much less of the real state of the country than many of those Irish members whose pretensions to knowledge he habitually ridicules. There is yet another idea suggested by this public appeal by the rulers of Ireland for charity for the Irish people. It is but an old idea presented to us afresh. How can that system of government be regarded as a success, the result of which is the periodical appearance of Ireland as a suppliant for the charitable help of the world at large?

MR. O'BRIEN has been engaged during the week in holding renewed negotiations with MR. PARNELL, and the newspapers, both English and French, have been full of stories as to the nature of these *pourparlers* and their results. At the moment at which we write no official statement on the subject has been made; but there is some reason to believe that MR. PARNELL has succeeded in influencing MR. O'BRIEN, and in leading him to reconsider the opinion he had formed as to the necessity for the retirement of the member for Cork. It will of course be a misfortune if MR. O'BRIEN should commit himself to this view, as it will involve his separation from the majority of the Nationalist party, and from English Liberals. But it is hardly necessary to say that no opinion arrived at by MR. O'BRIEN will in the slightest degree affect the fate of MR. PARNELL. That gentleman, we are told, still labours under the belief that MR. GLADSTONE and his colleagues will, in due time, welcome him back. It is the greatest mistake of his life. LORD SALISBURY and MR. BALFOUR may yet find a place for him by their side. In the ranks of the Liberal party there is none. It is for this reason that, as Liberals, we watch with only a languid degree of interest MR. O'BRIEN'S negotiations at Boulogne.

THERE was a scare at the beginning of the week in consequence of sensational telegrams from the other side of the Atlantic declaring that LORD SALISBURY was about to issue an ultimatum to MR. BLAINE on the question of the Behring Sea Fisheries, and that rival American and English fleets were to be despatched forthwith to these waters. The statement is now known to have been a mere invention, and the Fisheries dispute still remains within the region of diplomacy. It is probable that MR. BLAINE would like if he dared to provoke such an ultimatum from LORD SALISBURY, for in the present state of American politics nothing could serve him better than the issue of such an ultimatum by the English Government. But LORD SALISBURY can hardly be so foolish as to fall into a trap so openly laid. The Fisheries dispute is one in which English opinion declares this country to be emphatically in the right; American opinion less emphatically, but still loudly, asserts the contrary. The question is eminently one for arbitration, and we may still hope that this mode of settling it will be adopted by both countries.

EVERY day for at least a week the collapse of the Scotch railway strike has been announced; and as we write the situation is worse than ever. Six thousand spinners and weavers are idle in the Vale of Severn for want of coal and raw material; mines and ironworks are stopping; rioting has begun at Coatbridge and Motherwell—mainly, it would seem, among the miners rather than the railway men; MR. JOHN BURNS has rallied the weavers at Carlisle and secured the aid of the Dundee dockers; and the Caledonian Railway, which had a thousand places to fill up on Monday, and was overwhelmed with applications, had only filled twenty-four by Tuesday

afternoon. Naturally, the men who offer can hardly be trusted with valuable rolling stock—the condition to which the engines are now reduced is said to be deplorable; the imported men, tired out with the long hours they are compelled to work, are beginning to resign; the strikers are supported by public sympathy and subscriptions; and the North British traffic returns show a decline of £30,000. The town councils of Edinburgh, Leith, and Greenock have urged a reference to arbitration, and the companies cannot hold out much longer. But better management of the strike at the outset would have secured reference to arbitration a fortnight ago, at an enormous saving of discomfort, trouble, and loss to the men, the shareholders, and the general public alike.

MR. CLIFFORD LLOYD'S death, after a brief illness, at Constantinople, will occasion widespread regret in this country. It is unfortunately true that MR. LLOYD lacked one great gift, the faculty of being able to get on well with the people around him. From his Irish days onwards, he was continually in hot water, so that at last his name became something like a bye-word, and ministers were glad to shunt him by sending him to Erzeroum. But despite this fatal drawback to success in life, MR. CLIFFORD LLOYD was a very loyal, a very able, and a thoroughly upright man. He had a fierce hatred of abuses, and remarkable keenness in scenting them out. He feared no man, and was ever ready to do battle for what he believed to be the right, without stopping to take stock of the strength of the wrong. In short, he was one of those honest, capable, and most worthy men who rise, as a rule, to the highest places in the public service, unless their steps are hindered by some trivial defect of temper like that which proved fatal in his case.

RARELY has the "drum ecclesiastic" been beaten more loudly or discordantly than in the columns of the *Times* in the great correspondence meant to enlighten the consciences of Nonconformists, and rarely have superior persons shown themselves in a more ridiculous light than in the course of that performance. There is great bewilderment on the part of PROFESSOR TYNDALL and his followers as to the reason which has led the English Nonconformists as a body to support MR. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy. Perhaps if they would study the political history of English Nonconformity that bewilderment would disappear. The Nonconformists of England, from the days of the Puritans down to these, have been the avowed enemies of privilege, the ardent advocates of civil and religious liberty, of justice between class and class, and of that policy which seeks to knit the various races within these islands to each other by the bonds of mutual confidence and good-will. *That* is the reason why they are now almost to a man Home Rulers. And those who are now assailing them so vigorously in the columns of the *Times* may rest assured of one fact. That is, that they are not in the least degree inclined to desert their hereditary principles at the invitation of gentlemen like PROFESSOR TYNDALL. To those who really know the Nonconformists of England nothing can seem more absurd than the present attempt of the Ministerialists to catch them by the use of bad logic and "soft sawder."

PROFESSOR W. C. SIDGWICK is very much shocked by the title of our article last week on MR. HUXLEY, and seems to think that we used the name of TITUS OATES because we believed that the learned Professor was the moral counterpart of that infamous person. Surely it is hardly necessary to explain to a man of MR. SIDGWICK'S intelligence, that our reference to TITUS OATES had nothing to do with the man's infamy, but only to the fact that he was the inventor of that system of amended discoveries of imaginary plots which has been followed by MR. HUXLEY in his attacks upon the Salvation Army. But if MR. SIDGWICK is really so much shocked as he professes to be by any allusion to TITUS OATES, we would remind him that not so many years ago the present Prime Minister of England publicly compared one of his own colleagues with the same historical character—rather to the disadvantage of his colleague. Why is PROFESSOR HUXLEY a more sacred personage than LORD DERBY?

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount to 4 per cent. Previously the rates of interest and discount had been falling rapidly. Short loans were made at from 1 to 2 per cent., and on Wednesday the rate of discount in the open market declined to $2\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. Trade has received a check from the recent crisis, and speculation has been stopped. Consequently there is less demand for bank accommodation than there has been for a considerable time past. On the other hand, gold continues to arrive from abroad in large amounts, while the withdrawals for the Continent have ceased. Further, the payment of the interest on the National Debt has increased the supply in the open market, and the advances made by the Bank of England for the purpose of paying MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS' acceptances are weakening the Bank and adding constantly to the supply in the open market. Over and above all this, coin is returning in very large amounts from the circulation. Billbrokers and discount houses, therefore, as well as the joint-stock and private banks, are keenly competing for business, their expectation being that money will remain both cheap and abundant for months to come. It is doubtful, however, whether the expectation will be fulfilled, for next month the Bank of England is to repay to the Bank of France three millions sterling, and owing to the low rates that now prevail in London, it is extremely probable that the demand for gold will spring up again soon, and that much of the metal will, therefore, be withdrawn from the Bank of England. The price of silver recovered on Wednesday to 48¼d. per ounce, the American Congress having resumed the discussion of the Silver Bill; and with the rise in silver there has been a recovery in silver securities.

NEITHER the increased ease in the Money Market nor the prospect of more investment-buying has made the Stock Markets much more active this week. The news from Buenos Ayres, as we point out elsewhere, is reviving apprehension. The condition of the United States is still full of uncertainty. The continuance of the Scotch strike and the large lock-up of capital are all deterring operators from increasing their risks. As usual, there is more investment just now than for months past, as interest and dividends amounting to many millions are being paid. But the investment business is not, as yet at all events, as large as it generally is at this season. One reason, no doubt, is that investors bought somewhat freely during the recent crisis, but the principal reason is that the new loans and companies brought out for some years past have been in excess of the investment demand of the country. And even those who have saved money are expecting that they will be able to buy more advantageously by waiting some time longer. There has been some recovery, however, in the American market, owing to the declaration of a dividend at the rate of five per cent. on Louisville and Nashville shares, and there has also been a rise in South African gold shares. The foreign market, however, is dull. The German Bourses are all overloaded, and operators there are liquidating their accounts, while, in preparation for subscriptions to the new French loan there is a considerable amount of selling going on in Paris.

MR. O'BRIEN'S MISTAKE.

A GREAT deal that to the outward eye seems mysterious has been happening at Boulogne during the past week. Events there have filled a large space in the newspapers—both French and English. One might almost imagine that history was being made in the hotel in which the ex-Irish leader has been conversing amicably with one of those who assented to his deposition. But, as a matter of fact, no real importance attaches to the negotiations, which are now happily finished. From the beginning they were a mistake, and they have ended in smoke.

No one can accuse us of want of regard for the high character, the abilities, and the unselfish patriotism of Mr. William O'Brien. If we are unable to agree with him in the line of action he has seen fit to take since his return to Europe, we do so with regret, and without any loss of respect for himself personally. It is evident, however, that in his well-meant attempts to arrange a compromise with his former leader, Mr. O'Brien has been blind to some of the most important features of the political situation, as it now exists not only in Ireland but in Great Britain. He fails to see that the time for anything in the nature of a compromise is past. We do not blame him because of his strong personal regard for Mr. Parnell, his deep sense of the debt which Irishmen owe to him. It would have been little to the credit of the Irish party if they had shown any alacrity in the first instance in cutting themselves loose from their old leader, when public opinion in Great Britain made his continuance in the leadership impossible. But Mr. O'Brien forgets several things in his desire to bring about an amicable adjustment of the present crisis. He forgets in the first place that Mr. Parnell has himself, since the day when the Irish Parliamentary party called upon him to resign, acted in such a manner as to make it impossible for any Irishman who is not blinded by mere personal loyalty to continue to support him. His whole course of action since the publication of Mr. Gladstone's letter has been that of a man who was resolved to sacrifice every public object, including the success of the Home Rule movement itself, in order to gain his own personal ends. Even if Mr. O'Brien is not moved to indignation by the outrageous insults levelled by Mr. Parnell at those Englishmen who have been most conspicuous for their devotion to the cause of Ireland, he has no right to blind himself to the manner in which the ex-leader has treated his old Parliamentary colleagues —Irishmen who, at least, have not made the cause of Ireland subservient to the gratification of their own passions—the Catholic clergy and the whole body of the Irish people who are seeking to gain a great constitutional reform by constitutional means. He has no right to ignore the fact that Mr. Parnell, turning away from the better part of the nation, has openly made his appeal to "the men of the hill-side," in other words, to that section of the people which still clings to the belief that by crime, by acts of violence, and by rebellion, rather than by any other means, Irish liberties will be gained. Nor ought he to ignore the consuming selfishness which has been the key-note of all Mr. Parnell's recent proceedings. He himself admits that Mr. Parnell's retirement would be the best solution of the problem which now confronts the country. Yet Mr. Parnell, who is himself fully cognisant of this fact, has deliberately refused to retire, preferring to jeopardise the Home Rule cause rather than to accept the punishment of his own wrong-doing.

These are considerations affecting Mr. O'Brien simply as a patriotic Irishman; and it is difficult to understand how he can have failed to realise their overwhelming force. But even if they had not existed, there are other reasons which should have made him feel from the first that to talk of compromise with Mr. Parnell was to play fast and loose with the fortunes of Home Rule. Mr. O'Brien does justice to the honesty and loyalty of the English Liberals. He acknowledges, moreover, that without their aid the victory of Home Rule cannot be achieved—at all events during the lifetime of this generation. Can he possibly be ignorant of the fact that this aid will never now be given to a party of which Mr. Parnell is either the nominal or the real leader? It is not necessary to discuss the reasons for this attitude on the part of English Liberals, though we believe it to be an attitude completely justified by events. All that we would do is to point to the fact that it exists, and that even if Mr. Gladstone himself were to appeal to the Liberals of Great Britain to reinstate Mr. Parnell in the position from which, by his own act, he has cast himself, he would make his appeal in vain. It is time that those Irishmen who, like Mr. O'Brien, are exaggerating the importance of Mr. Parnell, and his claims upon their personal loyalty, should free their minds from the delusions to which they cling. Let them look at West Hartlepool, where a contest of great importance is now in progress. A Home Ruler is fighting for the cause of justice to Ireland, against one of those who are the avowed enemies of all the aspirations of Irishmen. But does Mr. O'Brien, or anybody else, imagine that the Home Rule candidate would have the slightest chance of success if he were to advocate Home Rule under Mr. Parnell's leadership? Everybody knows what would happen in such a case. Nor is there less uncertainty as to what would happen at a general election if Mr. Parnell were to remain in the van of the national party. The Liberals of Great Britain would not waver in their desire to see Ireland endowed with those local rights of government the possession of which can alone allay the fever of Irish discontent and build up a true union between that country and Great Britain. But they would be compelled either to regard the Home Rule question as being for the moment removed by the action of Irishmen themselves from the field of practical politics, or to submit to almost certain defeat.

Happily there is no need to contemplate this last possibility; for, whatever Mr. O'Brien may believe to the contrary, the deposition of Mr. Parnell is already complete. The representatives of the national religion in Ireland, the great majority of the representatives of the people, and nearly all that is worthiest and most trustworthy in the national party, have already pronounced decisively against a leader who has betrayed his trust. It no longer rests with Mr. O'Brien, or any other Irish politician, however distinguished and able, to settle the fate of Mr. Parnell. The *fiat* has gone forth against him, and it is the idlest of self-deceptions for any man now to talk of "a compromise" on the question of his leadership. But this fact, satisfactory though it is, so far as the general interests of Home Rule are concerned, will not make us regret the less bitterly any step on the part of Mr. O'Brien which will have a tendency not only to keep alive the bitter feelings evoked by recent events, but to separate that gentleman himself from the party and the movement in which he has, down to the present moment, played so conspicuous and so honourable a part. Surely he himself will submit to the inevitable, and recognise not only the absolute impossibility of retaining Mr. Parnell as a leader, but the fact that his leadership has already been decisively terminated by the action of Irishmen themselves.

A VERY SUPERIOR PERSON.

THE election for West Hartlepool will be one of special interest to both political parties. Perhaps for both parties it is a little unfortunate that the candidate selected on the Unionist side is a "local man" of such exceptional strength that his return, if he were to be victorious, could hardly be regarded as a simple gain to the cause he represents. It would be absurd to blame the Unionists because they have secured a candidate of quite unusual strength; they are entitled to play their best card and to win with it if they can. But the man who happens to hold the ace of trumps in his hand can hardly take credit for his play when he takes the trick; and so the result of the Hartlepool election is, from the first, discounted, so far as any credit which may be derived from it by the Unionists is concerned. The Liberals, we may feel assured, will make a good fight. The Liberalism of the county of Durham knows no weakness in its fibre, and every effort will be put forth by those who know that they are fighting for a good cause and a great leader. One result of the election will be to test the full strength of the party of political Pharisees in the constituency. Of that party probably the most notable representative is the Duke of Argyll, whose letter in the *Times*, a week ago, was one of the most amusing examples of political self-righteousness which has been presented to the world for many a day. Of the superiority of the Duke to his fellow creatures no one has for a long time past been allowed to remain in doubt. It is to be regretted, however, that this intellectual and moral superiority is not adorned by one of the minor graces of life, the possession and exercise of the common virtue of civility. It is no proof either of wit or of wisdom on the part of the Duke of Argyll, it is simply a piece of rudeness, when he talks as he does in this letter about "Separatists," and likens men who could even give the illustrious scribe himself a few lessons in public virtue and private dignity, to a "gang of conspirators." In spite of its lack of civility, however, the Duke's letter is worth examination, for his logic is a fair presentment of that which now seems to rule in the Unionist party. We need not stop to discuss the remarkable illustration drawn from his scientific researches by means of which the Duke seeks to prove that the followers of Mr. Gladstone are creatures so low in the scale of Nature that they are not to be treated even as vertebrate animals. It was Judge Maule who complained in bygone days that Sir Cresswell Cresswell addressed him in a manner which would be offensive if used by the Almighty towards a blackbeetle. The Duke out-Cresswells Sir Cresswell, and assumes an air only worthy of the ethereal heights of Olympus. Let us hope that the unfortunates whom he turns to scorn in a passage the humour of which is so subtle as to pass the comprehension of ordinary mortals, will feel conscious of the honour conferred upon them by the notice of so illustrious a being.

The chief demand which is now addressed to the Liberal party by the Duke of Argyll, on the part of those who have abandoned Liberalism, is for a full and immediate revelation of the Home Rule plans of Mr. Gladstone. It seems shocking in the eyes of the Duke that the Liberal leader should positively have confided to Mr. Parnell information which he is not prepared to give to the chief of the Campbells. We can well understand that it must be bitter to the Duke of Argyll to discover that, after all, he is not in the eyes of his late patron the most important personage in the universe. Yet even the discovery of this painful fact ought not to blind him to one or two very obvious considerations. Of these the most conspicuous is the absurdity of the delusion which seems to possess a large section of the Unionist party, that there is some deliberate mystery about Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule plan. That plan, we would remind the Duke of Argyll, was fully revealed to the world in 1886. We wonder if his Grace ever took the trouble to read the Home Rule Bill of that year? We confess that we have often had reason to doubt if Unionists of the Duke's position and temperament have ever made themselves the masters of that important document. The Duke and his friends may rest assured that, whenever it is Mr. Gladstone's lot again to bring forward a Home Rule Bill, the new scheme will lie well within the lines of the old. The policy of English Home Rulers has remained unchanged since 1886. Their desire still is to give to Ireland the fullest possible control over her own affairs compatible with the maintenance of that supremacy of the Imperial Parliament which no Liberal statesman has ever dreamt of jeopardising. If the revelations of the Hawarden interview, which have so shocked the virtuous soul of the Duke of Argyll, were fairly considered by the Unionist party, it would be evident even to their intelligence that this is the case. The policy which Mr. Gladstone thus represents is both safe and sound. The Duke, it is true, regards it as revolutionary; but we should be glad to know in what respect it is more revolutionary than any of the myriad schemes for local self-government hatched in the busy brain of Mr. Chamberlain, or than that which at this very moment is pigeon-holed in Mr. Balfour's desk. The Liberal party has shown, by its past performances, that it is the very opposite of a revolutionary party. In this respect, at all events, it has known no change; and whenever the next Home Rule scheme is laid before Parliament, it will be found to be based upon a wise and natural development of those principles which, once upon a time, were professed by no less a person than the Duke of Argyll himself.

There is one point in the Duke's letter which we notice with unfeigned regret, not so much because it brings to light the opinions of the Duke himself, but because we have every reason to fear that, in this matter, he is the faithful spokesman of no small section of the political body with which he is now associated. This is his vehement assertion that hatred of England possesses the whole Irish people. No more monstrous calumny could well be uttered. That it is a calumny, recent events have proved beyond question. The very incidents to which the Duke refers to support his wild contention afford ample evidence to the contrary. It is true that Mr. Parnell, in his desperation, has appealed to the sentiment of race hatred; and if he had made such an appeal six years ago, he would have had no reason to complain of the manner in which it was received by the Irish people. But to-day his attempt to re-awaken the old animosities has proved a signal failure, and if there has been no other outcome of his struggle to retain the leadership he had forfeited, we have at least reason to be thankful that it has proved that there is in Ireland a large body—we may safely say a great majority—from whom the old feeling of hatred towards England has passed away, we trust for ever. To what will the Duke of Argyll and his associates attribute this marvellous change in the sentiments of the nation? Will they regard it as one of the fruits of Mr. Balfour's exercise of a rigorous and unprincipled coercion, or will they now admit, what all the world before long will freely acknowledge, that for this transformation of old hatred and disrust

into new love and confidence we are indebted to Mr. Gladstone, and to the men who have not been afraid to follow him in the adoption of a policy of conciliation towards the race whom we have too long oppressed and estranged? Perhaps it is too much to hope that the Duke of Argyll and men of his temperament can be brought to recognise this fact, but we trust that at least the Liberals of Hartlepool, when they are called upon to give their votes between a representative of Conciliation and a representative of Coercion, will show themselves to be wiser than the Duke and his friends.

FISHERY SCARES.

THE growing rivalry between the up-to-date news agency and the old-fashioned special correspondent, and between the various news agencies themselves, is adding a distinctly new terror to life. This week they have harrowed our feelings with two notes of alarm in relation to our fishery troubles in America. The more serious of these scares—that affecting the Behring Sea question—proves to be the less well founded. Mr. Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote have *not* been exchanging threats of force. The Revenue cutters and wooden frigates of the United States are *not* going to try conclusions with the armour-clads which we could concentrate in the Behring Sea from India, China, Africa, Australia, and the Pacific Coast itself. The Russians are *not* going to second the designs of Mr. Blaine by despatching a squadron from Siberia to seize Esquimalt. The diplomatic correspondence is resuming its normal course, and Mr. Blaine, having ransacked the map-room of his office and Mr. Quincey Adams's private diary for arguments, has plainly indicated his willingness to go to arbitration on the question of title to the waters of the Behring Sea.

It is only bare justice to distinguish sharply between Mr. Blaine himself and the Opportunist crew by whom he is surrounded. They, no doubt, are sordid enough in their aims, and are using the seal-fishery dispute for their own ends in a fashion which is exceptionally cynical even in American politics. As to Mr. Blaine himself, there is no need and no justification for suggesting that he is inspired by notions other than those of public duty. A diplomatist is, after all, an advocate—the highest and most honourable of all advocates, but still an advocate. As long as he does not falsify his documents, he is entitled and bound to put forward every shred of argument he can muster in his country's interest—to fight every inch of ground, and only to surrender when further resistance is not only useless but ludicrous. The exclusive fishery right in Behring Sea is valuable in itself; and if it must be surrendered, then America will be proved to have made a most disastrous bargain in the purchase of Alaska. No wonder Mr. Blaine, as a faithful steward of the American people, prolongs his argument to the last. Unfortunately for Mr. Blaine, he has a shockingly bad case, and Lord Salisbury overtops him at every stage of the argument. But he cannot help that. He is infinitely laborious, ingenious, and eloquent, and a certain vein of protest against mere legality, and an appeal to higher considerations, run through his arguments, and are not unworthy of sympathy. If the positions of the two men were reversed, we do not think that Lord Salisbury—splendid publicist as he is—would have better served the interests of the American people. We do not profess any great enthusiasm at the thought of the victory which is probably within our reach—although, no doubt, in the present state of the world's morality, Lord Salisbury and the Canadians are justified in standing on our rights. But seal-catching is one of those excruciatingly cruel and exotic businesses which will die down to nothing—or next to nothing—in the ideal economic society of the future. When every man lives of his own, and no man preys on the industry of another, the number of people who will be able to afford to purchase a sealskin on their own account will grow smaller by degrees and beautifully less. If they feel cold, they can purchase sheepskin.

We cannot pretend to regard the Newfoundland trouble with the same measure of equanimity as the Behring Sea dispute. The earlier accounts of the renewed agitation against the home Government were greatly exaggerated; but it seems to us, with all allowances, that it portends something more important than a mere revival of the factitious indignation of a truck-merchant party, their clerks, shop-sweepers, and domestic servants. Sir William Whiteway probably lost ground politically during his long sojourn in London, and his return empty-handed has been a grievous disappointment to his popular supporters. On the main point of difference between Lord Salisbury and the Newfoundlanders, we have had no desire to side against his lordship. He has become their *bête noir* owing to a perfectly justifiable refusal to adopt an attitude towards France which could only be compared with the most uncharitable view of Mr. Blaine's attitude towards ourselves. Where, we fear, he is erring, is in procrastination in his negotiations with France. Prolonged delay may be even fatal to the only possible basis for a solution of the question—the offer of territorial compensation. The Gambia has been pointed out in these columns as the possession which may most fitly be offered. What may be the cause of his lordship's hesitation is a secret probably locked in his own breast; but it requires no great shrewdness to suggest that he is haunted by the recollection of his cession of Heligoland, and fears the electoral consequences, to a party which claims to be nothing if not Imperialist, of ceding two British possessions within a twelvemonth. Of course, we cannot forecast what view Mr. Hugh Price Hughes may take of the matter, but speaking merely in the name of the carnal wing of the Liberal party, we beg respectfully to assure his lordship that if he were to give away half a dozen mangrove swamps like the Gambia Settlement in order to assure the integrity of the Queen's American possessions, he would hear no word of reproach from us. If he does not settle the matter quickly, he will be face to face with a pronouncement by Newfoundland in favour of annexation to the United States. Nor do we think that in the present state of American politics, either party in the States would hold back from such advances on the part of the Newfoundlanders. We take it that it is the settled aim of one party as much as of the other to bring pressure in a quiet way on Canada to join the Union. The acquisition of Newfoundland would serve this purpose in many ways—amongst others by crippling the operations of the Canadian fishermen on the Great Banks, for they would be deprived of the right to purchase bait in the island. The only difficulty for the Americans would be the inheritance of the obligations imposed by the Treaties of Utrecht and Paris; but they might well argue that two republics—both actuated by a not wholly amiable desire to make John Bull look foolish—would have no difficulty in settling a trifle of this kind. What attitude English statesmen would adopt in face of a demand by Newfoundland to be allowed to go her way, is a question which we would prefer to reserve for discussion until it arises.

THE BREAK-DOWN AT ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

THE next Royal Commission appointed by Parliament ought clearly to have for its object a full and exhaustive inquiry into the present condition of the Post Office. From all sides charges are surging up against the administration of a department of which Englishmen have long, and with good reason, been proud. These charges all point in one direction. They indicate that some change in the management of that great public department is urgently called for. Mr. Raikes has held his office now for more than four years, and during those four years he has succeeded in driving almost every branch of the service into a state of seething discontent. In the whole history of administrative blundering associated in bygone days with the name of the Circumlocution Office, there has been nothing worse than the story of this gentleman's achievements at St. Martin's-le-Grand. If some fine morning our whole postal system breaks down; if our letters are no longer delivered; if the Post Office Savings Bank stops payment, not for want of cash, but for want of clerks to attend to the calls of the public; if the telegraph suddenly ceases to act, and the national business is in consequence paralysed, we shall have to thank Mr. Raikes, in the first place, and secondarily one or two highly placed officials in the Post Office who have been too weak or too subservient to restrain their chief in his career of blundering incompetence. It is high time that the public awoke to a knowledge of the truth about the great public department at the head of which Lord Salisbury placed a man who is notoriously unequal to the task entrusted to him, and whose failure as Postmaster-General is not only a disgrace to the present Government, but something very like a national calamity.

These are strong words, but they can be amply justified by facts about which there is no dispute. The sins of the Postmaster-General and his principal assistants are unhappily only too clearly apparent to the world at large. Three weeks ago we printed in these pages an article by Mr. Frederic Harrison on the "Post Office as a Public Sweater," which brought to light one side of the present woeful maladministration of the great department. We do not envy the man who could read that story without a strong sense of shame. The richest country in the world, having allowed its Government to establish a vast monopoly in one great department of business, further permits it to conduct that monopoly in a fashion which a sweating tailor in Whitechapel would hardly dare to follow. Labour is bought in the cheapest—the very cheapest—market, and when bought is loaded with chains which the Whitechapel sweater, at all events, would never dare to lay upon his "hands." The work is necessarily done inefficiently—and there is hardly a human being who does not know that for some years past the postal service, even in Western London, has been steadily deteriorating. Inferior men having been forced into the ranks, they have done their work in an inefficient manner. If this were all it would be bad enough. But it is not all. These poor creatures, underpaid and over-worked, ventured some months ago to agitate for better wages. They were treated in such a fashion that they were driven into revolt. Then the sweater showed himself in his true colours. The unskilled labour market was at the moment overstocked. The Post Office, with a Cabinet Minister at its head, and K.C.B.s and C.B.s on its staff, took advantage of this fact. The rebels were left to starve, and rich England found among the starving unemployed a sufficient number of men to fill the gaps left by those who, by the slow pressure of grievances long-endured, had been driven from the ranks.

That is an old story; but its memory is revived to-day by the tale of the "insubordination" in the Savings Bank department in Queen Victoria Street. The story of this latest display of the discontent which is raging throughout the department is eminently instructive. Last August the clerks in this department received notice that in future female clerks would be brought in to fill vacancies. There were already a number of women and girls in the office, and no male clerk objected to their being there. But when it was made clear that they were gradually to be employed to supplant the male clerks, the latter were moved to address a memorial to the Treasury, setting forth the injurious effect which this change in the official system must have on their prospects. The memorial was couched in proper terms, and the clerks were strictly within their rights in presenting it. They laid it before Mr. Algernon Turnor, the Financial Secretary to the Post Office, in the first instance. Mr. Turnor poohpoohed it; told the clerks not to make fools of themselves, and finally suggested that they had better lay their grievances before Mr. Raikes. Upon this suggestion the clerks acted. They appointed two of their number to take the memorial to St. Martin's-le-Grand. These gentlemen were not "ringleaders" in any sense of the word. They were simply selected by their fellow-clerks as trustworthy messengers to carry their humble prayer to the feet of Mr. Raikes. They fulfilled their task, and a few days afterwards they were both peremptorily removed from the office in Queen Victoria Street to that in Coldbath Fields Prison, popularly known in the Postal Service as "Siberia."

To this act of official folly and tyranny is to be attributed the present mischief. The clerks, cowed by the manner in which their two unfortunate colleagues had been treated, did not venture to send any more deputations to St. Martin's-le-Grand. They were compelled to address Mr. Raikes *through the ordinary post*, asking him to return the memorial, and informing him that in consequence of his treatment of their delegates they could only communicate with him in future by post. This was two months ago. Ever since then a strong sense of wrong has been burning in the breast of every clerk in the department. How to give expression to that feeling without forfeiting their positions was the problem which the clerks had to solve. They hit upon a plan to which no official or legal objection could be taken. The season had come when they were permitted to volunteer for extra work, in order to meet the demands consequent upon the close of the financial year. They did not volunteer—or but a small number among them did. The authorities professed to be indifferent, saying they would make other arrangements for the work. The men persisted in not volunteering, as a protest against the manner in which Mr. Raikes had treated their colleagues. Last Friday week, the authorities suddenly discovered that something must be done, and accordingly they issued an order that in future every man must take two hours of extra work—an entire change in the regulations under which the men had hitherto been employed. Some two hundred and sixty of them declined to "volunteer" in this unusual fashion, and the whole department has consequently been thrown into confusion. On Thursday Mr. Raikes did what he ought to have done two months ago—he received a deputation from the clerks and practically concluded a treaty of peace. By this time, indeed, both he and the permanent

officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand had become desperately frightened; for in spite of putting an excessive strain upon the boy and women clerks, they had not succeeded in getting through the arrears, and the confusion was growing worse. So for the moment ends this chapter in Post Office mismanagement.

It is surely time that this miserable state of things should be remedied. Sir Arthur Blackwood talked complacently on Monday of the "loyal" men who had remained at work. He knew perfectly well that these "loyal" men were filléd with disgust at the manner in which their colleagues had been treated, and were only prevented from joining them because they could not face the consequences of loss of employment. He must know too that, thanks to the hectoring incapacity of the present Postmaster-General, the feeling of discontent is almost universal throughout the service. But it is not with Sir Arthur Blackwood, but with Mr. Raikes and Lord Salisbury, that the public have to do. These two are responsible for the disgraceful condition into which the Post Office Department has been brought. Dare they face a full inquiry before a Royal Commission, or will Mr. Raikes accept the inevitable by resigning a position in which he has been so eminently unfortunate?

LAW CHANGES.

THE year which has just ended has witnessed many changes on the Judicial Bench. Lord Justice Cotton and Mr. Justice Field have retired from the Law Courts. The deaths of Sir Henry Manisty and of Baron Huddleston have removed two well-known figures from the Queen's Bench Division. The death of Sir Barnes Peacock has left vacant the high post of a Lordship of Appeal. And four new judges have stepped into the places of the old.

The recent changes are curiously illustrative of the diversity of successful barristers' careers. The two latest judges, Mr. Justice Romer and Mr. Justice Wright, are men of the type to which Lord Justice Bowen belongs, and to which one naturally looks as sure to prosper at the Bar—men of brilliant University distinction, with whom, provided they persevere in their intention, success, even if at first slow-footed, is only a matter of time. On the other hand, Sir Edward Kay, the new Lord Justice, practised at the Bar for thirty-four years before he took his seat upon the Bench. Baron Huddleston, whom Mr. Justice Wright succeeds, was for nearly thirty-six years well known as an advocate. The late Mr. Justice Manisty was for twelve years a solicitor, and for over thirty years a counsel, before he accepted the judgeship, which he held for fourteen years more. Mr. Justice Field only became a barrister at thirty-seven. Lord Justice Kay and Mr. Justice Vaughan-Williams are among the men who have achieved notability or notice as editors of law-books. The writing of law-books has become one of the recognised methods of attaining fame, and is the only legitimate means by which a young barrister can advertise his industry and capacity for law. Mr. Justice Wright, again, owes much of his reputation to his official work; and his connection with the Treasury has led him, as it led Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Mathew, and many others before him, to promotion. Mr. Justice Lawrance, disdaining law-books and officialism, has advanced to his dignity directly from the House of Commons, and one or two other recent appointments will be remembered as indicating the ease with which politicians occasionally pass from the Senate to the Bench. But, generally speaking, judgeships are the rewards of steady professional work, of which the unprofessional world hears little, far more often than the prizes of political lawyers. The great majority of the existing judges are men who have never attained or never even sought Parliamentary distinction, and the names of many of them are probably unfamiliar to any layman who is not of a litigious turn. Setting apart Chancellors and ex-Chancellors, there is hardly one judge, except the Lord Chief Justice, whose name is known to the public at large as that of a brilliant popular advocate; and this fact is indirectly a testimony to the wise exercise of judicial patronage; for the greatest judges, like the greatest officials, are sometimes men of whom the multitude knows least.

The disappearance, during last term, of Lord Justice Cotton and of Baron Huddleston, deprives the Law Courts of two conspicuous figures. As an equity lawyer, Lord Justice Cotton had few living equals. His profound and careful knowledge, his crisp and clear enunciation of the law, will long be missed in the Court of Appeal. But it is probable that with the public Baron Huddleston was better known. His association with many celebrated cases, and his well-earned reputation for acute observation and practical knowledge of the world, had made his name familiar to the present generation. Raised to the Bench in February, 1875, Baron Huddleston was one of the few survivors of the older system, and he bore in turn a variety of titles. He was for three months a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; then, for six months, a Baron of the Exchequer; then, for four years, a Judge of the Exchequer Division; and lastly, for several years, a Justice of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court. His death leaves only one survivor—Baron Pollock—on the Bench who still recalls by his title of Baron the historical origin of our courts of law. Baron Huddleston was nearly sixty when he was made a judge, but his successor, Mr. Justice Wright, is hardly more than fifty, while Sir Robert Romer and Sir W. V. Vaughan-Williams are younger still. It is, of course, an old controversy as to what is the best age for making judges. No doubt men of sixty, who have spent most of their lives in the law courts, must often have acquired valuable experience which is in itself no inconsiderable aid to law-making. No doubt the Bar is a profession at which, in spite of the hard work involved, many men thrive and labour into a green old age. With such examples of energy and vigour in men long past middle life as Lord Esher and Sir Henry Hawkins exhibit to-day, and as Vice-Chancellor Bacon exhibited only a short time ago, no one will maintain that elderly men may not form efficient judges, or advocate any wholesale system of compulsory retirement. But unquestionably the tendency of modern appointments has been to lower the age of promotion; and although Mr. Justice Manisty, not very long since, was raised to the Bench at the age of sixty-eight, such an appointment would not and ought not to be made again. The practice of making young men judges, as exemplified in the cases, among others, of Sir James Hannen, of Mr. Justice Smith, and of Lord Justice Bowen, who were raised to the Bench respectively at forty-six, at forty-five, and at forty-three, has been so signally successful—and the press of work which judges have to face requires so much power of energy and despatch—that it seems likely that the appointment of men much over fifty will become rare as time goes on. Experience gained on the Bench may well be set against experience gained at the Bar; and most men show long before the age of fifty whether they have in them the temper, capacity, and knowledge which a judge requires. The tradition of youth has been confirmed by at least three of the recent

appointments; and the higher traditions which were so steadily maintained by the distinguished lawyers who closed their careers last year are little likely to suffer in the hands of the able and brilliant men who have succeeded to their places now.

THE CRASH IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

THE Argentine crisis is growing worse, and is giving rise to keen anxiety amongst the best-informed in the City. The National Government, it is true, has in principle accepted the proposals of the London Committee commented on by us a few weeks ago, and the unthinking jump to the conclusion that this will bring about an improvement. But what does the acceptance by the Government really mean? It means in the first place the public admission that it is insolvent; that for three years it cannot meet its engagements, otherwise than by promises. True, the promises being engrossed upon paper and professing to bear interest will have some price or other, and therefore the bondholders will not go altogether without some return for their money. But that does not alter the fact that the Government cannot pay. Secondly, it means that the Government breaks faith with the Sterling Bondholders. To these bondholders the national revenues, including the Customs, were mortgaged, and now the bonds in which the interest, guarantees, and other obligations of the Government for the next three years are to be funded, are secured upon the Customs, and will rank before the Sterling Bonds. Nor is this the worst. Forty-one million dollars of the Four and a Half per Cents. which were issued to the State banks to be held as security for their notes, are now to be sold at a price equivalent, in the present depreciated paper, to about 47 per cent., and are to be secured also upon the Customs, taking rank before all other debts, since the Customs receipts are to be daily lodged with the Board of the Commission Fund for payment of the interest on these bonds, which, with 1 per cent. sinking fund, amounts to £451,000 per annum. The total issue of the bonds, according to the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, is 150 millions of dollars, or 30 millions sterling, and as they are gold bonds, they involve an annual interest payment of 6¾ millions of dollars, or £1,350,000, and the remainder may also be sold and secured in the same way. Then the new debt to be created during the next three years by the funding of the coupons will amount to 10 or 12 millions sterling, and will bear 6 per cent. interest. Even if it is only 10 millions, that will involve an annual charge of £600,000 a year. Thus there is to be an annual charge exceeding a million sterling, and there may soon be one of, in round figures, two millions sterling, secured upon the Customs, and ranking before any sterling debts, even that of 1886. And we would ask in the present condition of the Republic what probability is there that the Customs receipts will show a surplus after the service of this debt is provided for? The one advantage of the arrangement, so far as the Argentine Republic is concerned, is that it gets a respite of three years, within which time it may partially extricate itself from its difficulties if it knows how. And so far as Europe is concerned the sole advantage is that the Government undertakes to pay about £340,000 a year to the Drainage and Waterworks Company, the debentures and shares of which form a large part of the Baring assets. Consequently the guarantors of Messrs. Baring Brothers are to that extent benefited. For the chance, then, of something turning up in three years, and of benefiting the Baring guarantors, the sterling bondholders are in a barefaced manner to be deprived of their rights. The provinces are, if possible, in a worse state than the National Government. Like the States of the great North-American Union, each of these has a budget and debt of its own. During the recent mania through which the country has passed they borrowed extravagantly, partly for the purpose of founding State banks, which have flooded the Republic with depreciated paper. Two provinces have already defaulted, and nobody doubts that the others will do the same, with the possible exception of Buenos Ayres. And the municipalities are, generally speaking, as insolvent as the provinces. Lastly, two Argentine railway companies failed to pay the January interest, another, though failing to pay, promises to fulfil its obligations next month, and a fourth has paid only a part of its interest. Many more railways are in a similar case, and as regards the unfinished lines there is much question whether the contractors who have undertaken to pay interest during construction will be able to do so. Is it probable, it is asked, that they can sell the bonds with which they are themselves to be paid under existing circumstances, or obtain advances upon them?

If the Government showed an intelligent understanding of the situation, and faced it manfully, there would be a hope that the crisis would soon come to an end. But, unfortunately, the present Government is exhibiting almost as much incompetence as its predecessors. President Pellegrini and his Finance Minister may be honourable and well-intentioned, but if so, they are utterly incapable. A little while ago they prohibited by decree dealings in gold upon the Stock Exchange. It may or it may not be wise to put down gambling, but it is surely childish to allow every form of speculation, except speculation in gold, and to prohibit that, not because it is specially hurtful, but because it aggravates the depreciation of the paper currency. The currency is depreciated, as everybody knows, because the public has lost confidence in the Government and the banks, and because, besides, too much paper has been issued; and the President and his Finance Minister think they can cure the depreciation by forbidding members of the Bourse to gamble in gold. Of course they have simply driven gamblers outside the Bourse, but the speculation is continued as actively as ever. Finding this so, they followed up their first decree by another, authorising all persons who had contracted to make payments in gold to liquidate their engagements by payment in paper. Our readers will understand that all who are engaged in the import and the export trades in the Argentine Republic—and many others besides—are in the habit of making bargains in gold to avoid the incessant fluctuations in the value of paper. The President and his Finance Minister childishly believe that this increases the depreciation of the paper currency, and they authorised those who entered into contracts to break those contracts. Five years ago a similar decree was issued and was sanctioned by Congress, but it was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. No doubt the present decree is equally invalid, but even if it is not, its only possible effect can be to compel those who may require gold to hoard it, and thus to drive gold altogether out of the country. Thirdly, the Government has proposed a tax of two per cent. on all deposits in the foreign banks doing business in the Republic for the avowed purpose of compelling the depositors to transfer their money from those foreign banks to the National Bank. Lastly, the Government now has decided to demonetise all foreign gold coins. There never has been much Argentine gold coin. What has usually been held in the country

consists of English sovereigns. Is it not amazing that the Government can think it will lessen the depreciation of the paper currency by driving all these sovereigns out of the Republic, leaving no money but the depreciated paper?

It is quite evident from all this that the President and his Ministers have lost their heads, and are floundering miserably; and nobody, therefore, need be surprised if they should be suddenly overthrown. That they have lost prestige is evident from the fact that one gold dollar is worth more than three paper dollars. Indeed, President Pellegrini is accused of having granted new guarantees when he had pledged himself that he would not do so, and General Roca, the War Minister, is suspected of complicity in the worst acts of the late Administration. President Pellegrini makes no secret that he feels himself insecure, and fears another insurrection. In a newspaper interview published by one of the Buenos Ayres papers, the President is reported to have said that "life is impossible when gold is at such a premium. The Government cannot be carried on; the people, rendered desperate, may rise to secure food, and no power can resist or restrain them. The worst danger ahead is social revolution." And again: "We are in great danger of disappearing as a civilised nation, and falling back to be merely South Americans." The danger so frankly admitted by the President is increased by the beginning of the Presidential campaign. Already meetings in favour of the candidature of General Mitre are reported from Buenos Ayres, and those best acquainted with the country fear that as the canvass goes on the excitement will grow, and public order will disappear. The President in the interview already referred to acknowledged that he looked forward to the agitation with much misgiving. That he has not recovered courage is evident from the childish measures he has adopted in the hope of raising the value of the paper currency, measures which are only too well calculated to excite derision, and bring him and his Administration into contempt. If there was not universal dissatisfaction with the Government, it is difficult to understand how the depreciation of the currency should continue as great as it is, now that the Government has accepted the proposals of the London committee. These proposals will enable the Government to cease for three years sending gold from Buenos Ayres to London to make payments here. That fact alone ought to reduce the premium on gold, but the premium has been fluctuating for some weeks between 220 and 250 per cent.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE year has opened with a temporary calm in Continental politics, like the "smooth" that sometimes occurs between two great waves—or, rather, like the broken water caused by convergent currents off a shore where sunken rocks lie thick. The distant outlook is still gloomy, yet, on this side of the Atlantic at least, there is no movement noticeable of first-rate importance. "An anti-cyclonic system over Europe, with gloomy weather and slight local disturbances," may or may not be a physical possibility; but politically, it is just now sound meteorology.

In France the Senatorial elections in one-third of the departments—and in one or two besides where vacancies had occurred—took place on Sunday. The result is a decided proof of the increased stability of the Republic. Only in the Orne and in the Vendée do the Reactionaries hold their ground—a fact to be explained, no doubt, by the Orleanist associations of the former department and the Legitimist traditions of the latter. In the Departments of the Seine-Inférieure, the Vienne, and the Pas-de-Calais, they lose seats: and the net result is, that of eighty seats they retain only six instead of sixteen, the Republicans thus possessing seventy-four seats, of which ten are gains.

M. de Freycinet has of course been returned at the head of the poll in the department of the Seine; while M. Ranc, the friend of Gambetta, and M. Tolain, whose name as a "labour leader" was perhaps more familiar some years ago than it has been of late, are his colleagues, but below a "safe" *bourgeois*, a sound Republican capitalist, and large employer of labour, M. Poirrier, who is apparently the sort of man for whom a very decided preference was shown by the enfranchised English democracy in 1868.

Everywhere, indeed, moderate Republicans seem to have been preferred to extreme Radicals, notably in the departments of the Yonne, Sarthe, and Tarn-et-Garonne. This perhaps is not surprising, considering the character of the electorate. M. Pouyer-Quertier, the ultra-Protectionist, is defeated at Rouen, and M. Poirrier is reported to be a Free Trader. Probably the most important of the elections is that of M. Jules Ferry for the Vosges. He now re-enters political life after the six years of exile which the Tonquin disasters entailed upon him.

The Roman Catholics have an old grudge against M. Ferry for his suppression of the "unauthorised religious orders" in 1880, and will no doubt find in his reappearance ample justification for that submission to the Republic in order to modify its policy which Cardinal Lavigerie has recommended and the Pope approved, and which this week has received the adhesion of four or five more bishops.

The Monarchist papers have professed ostentatious indifference to the Senatorial elections, both before and after the event. But a bye-election in the department of the Cantal, at which M. Andrieux, a "Revisionist," has been rejected by nearly two to one, indicates that even in the remotest and most backward districts the Republic is pretty firmly established.

In Belgium the Progressist Congress held its triennial meeting in Christmas week, and formulated its programme—manhood suffrage, with proportional representation and the referendum—the two latter items being presumably inserted to capture the *bourgeois* and the *doctrinaires* who agree with M. de Laveleye in hesitating as to the advisability of a reform which may merely result in strengthening the Clericals. But the alarm of these latter, who, after first announcing their entire readiness to adopt universal suffrage, have drawn back, and are predicting civil war and a Socialist cataclysm, and threatening the members of the Congress with prosecution, is the best proof that the Liberals are right. As only about two per cent. of the population, or, strictly speaking, 2·2, can vote in Belgium, the foreign reader hardly sees much cause for alarm. The younger generation, which may be unfamiliar with the well-worn *à priori* arguments against extending the franchise, which we in England disposed of in 1866, may be referred to the public utterances of M. Woezte.

In its Paris correspondence of Saturday the *Times* published a circumstantial account of the fall of Prince Bismarck. He had become unapproachable, impracticable, and more than dictatorial; he had tendered his resignation as a mere threat, had been astounded by its acceptance, had made pretexts to delay his formal retirement, and had meantime made a cringing appeal to the Empress Frederick, who repulsed him as he deserved. Unfortunately, this picturesque story receives no credit either at Paris or Berlin. But it will no doubt do quite as well as if it were true for future popular and anti-scientific historians. It is also reported that Prince Bismarck meditates using confidential documents in the preparation of his memoirs; and that the Government, should he do so, are prepared to prosecute him as he prosecuted Count Arnim.

Some years ago Prince Bismarck rigorously closed the eastern frontiers of the German Empire to immigrants from Russia and Galicia. As the natives of the eastern provinces of Prussia are in the habit of migrating westward for higher wages than they can earn at home, the supply of labour has fallen short, and the regulations have just been relaxed. For a period of three years foreign immigration is to be facilitated, provided the foreigner does not settle—as the natives, like the Italians who swarm over Switzerland at the approach of spring, commonly return home for the winter. Such is the result of that protection to native labour which people with more sympathy than sound economics would recommend against Russian Jews in England, and Belgian miners in France.

In Italy, the estimated deficit in the Budget has risen from 25,000,000 to 40,000,000 lire, and rumours have again arisen that the Minister of War, disapproving the economies projected by the Ministry, is on the point of tendering his resignation. Certainly no Italian Ministry can now afford to be otherwise than economical. Severe distress exists in Milan—where seven thousand men are reported to be out of work—and in Genoa; rumours of agrarian troubles come from the south; and an Anarchist Congress—assembled for safety on Swiss soil, and including two members of the Italian Chamber—is organising the social revolution, without, it must be owned, disquieting anyone much except the Swiss authorities. Even the Pope complains of a deficit, and proposes to charge entrance fees for admission to the Vatican galleries—which a Government organ declares to be contrary to the provisions of the Papal guarantee. Alarming reports are in circulation as to his health. Typhoid fever is reported to be prevalent at Pisa and Florence. At the latter place, however, it is not of a very serious type.

In Portugal, the Cortes has been opened with a speech from the throne which is on the whole pacific. Troops are being despatched to Mozambique: but the country can bear no new taxes; and a definite convention with England is to be signed before Parliament meets. For the present the Cortes has adjourned, and the anti-English agitation is apparently suspended; while a Republican Congress assembled at Lisbon has split into two irreconcilable factions through the action of the extremists.

The estimated deficit in the Greek Budget is rather more than two and a quarter million drachmas—two and a quarter per cent. of the total expenditure for the year—partly because of the new ironclads, which may soon, perhaps, have to justify their existence. But the final settlement of the dispute between the Patriarch and the Porte has deprived the Greek Jingoes of one grievance, and at present the politicians are expending their energies in party conflicts—crippling the Opposition by invalidating their elections, apparently almost at random—passing the Electoral Reform Bill, which increases the number of deputies and substitutes single-member districts for election by list, and temporarily splitting the New National party on a question of Parliamentary procedure. However, the Greek nature has always been spasmodic and changeable, and the quarrel between M. Delyannis and M. Ralli is not likely to have lasted very long.

The young Czechs continue their agitation in Bohemia, and propose to change their name to "National Progressists"—whatever that may be in Czech. The old Czechs have gone the usual way of moderates in a Nationalist movement; and the positive refusal of the Governor of Bohemia to accept the compromise they proposed, has given them the *coup de grâce*. But it is hardly likely that three million Czechs will succeed permanently in imposing their will on two million German fellow-subjects, or in compelling them to adopt Czech as the official language of Bohemia.

Alarming telegrams have arrived from Ottawa and Washington this week concerning the Behring Sea difficulty. The Canadian sealing squadron was to start, well armed; an ultimatum had been presented by the British Minister at Washington, the strength of the English and German fleets in the Pacific was calculated, and an American squadron was to be despatched larger than both put together. Most of this news has been the ingenious construction of what Artemus Ward called "those models of truth and virtue, the Washington [and Ottawa] correspondents." Mr. Blaine no doubt has been waving the American flag, but his action has been commented on by the American press strictly according to their party sympathies, and his letter virtually accepting arbitration and defining the questions at issue, is simply an unavoidable retirement from an untenable position. Not only has an English Commissioner reported against him, but an American expert from the Smithsonian Institute has failed to support his case; and there can be little doubt that an arbitrator will find it hopeless on general grounds of International Law.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

XIX.—Alexander William Kinglake.

HE is dead, a week since, of a slow, incurable disease. The newspapers have paid their tribute of discriminating praise, and their unanimity both in praise and discrimination has been singular. They agree that he lived to complete his life's work; that he was master of an English prose style, the lustre of which conspicuously adorned the "Victorian age" of letters; and that he wasted this gift on a small book of Eastern travel and eight immoderate volumes about an episodic war. He was a brilliant failure, in short. The critics hardly conceal this belief by persistently qualifying it. Their eulogies read like excuses.

Alexander William Kinglake was born in 1812, the son of a country gentleman—Mr. W. Kinglake, of Wilton House, Taunton—and received a country gentleman's education at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. From college he went to Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Chancery Bar in 1837, where he practised with fair but not eminent success. In 1844 he published "Eöthen," and having startled the town, quietly resumed his legal work and seemed willing to forget his achievement. Ten years later, however, he "broke out" again. War was declared with Russia and he accompanied his friend, Lord Raglan, to the Crimea. Returning home, he retired from the Bar in 1856 and entered Parliament, next year, as member for Bridgwater. Re-elected in 1868, he was unseated, on petition, in 1869, and henceforward gave himself up to the work of his life. He had consented, after Lord Raglan's death, to write a history of the invasion of the Crimea; the two first volumes had appeared in 1863, the last was published but two years ago. It occupied thirty years of its author's life. Long before those years ran out, the world had learnt to regard the Crimean struggle in something like its true perspective, but over Kinglake's mind it continued to loom in all its original proportions. To adopt a phrase of M. Jules Lemaître's, "*le monde a changé en trente ans: lui ne bouge; il ne lève plus de dessus son papier à copie sa face congestionnée.*" And yet Kinglake was no cloistered scribe. Before his last illness he dined out frequently, and was placed by many among the first half-a-dozen talkers in London. His conversation, though delicate and finished, was brimful of life and of interest in affairs: but let him enter his study and its walls became a hedge. Outside, the world was moving: within, it was always 1854, until by slow labour it turned into 1855.

Yet his two books are secure of life. It is easy to point out one reason why the "Invasion of the Crimea" will remain a possession for all time: it is simply an invaluable congeries of documents for any future inquirer who may care to study the history

of the Anglo-French alliance, or the conditions of European warfare in the middle of the nineteenth century. But Kinglake's work has a better claim to perpetuity. A book of Eastern travel which continues to exert its fascination forty-five years after publication must depend for this vitality on something more than the information it contains. And the same is true of the greater work. Kinglake will live by his style.

His style is hard, elaborate, polished to brilliance. Its difficult lustre recalls Thucydides. In effect it charms at first by its strength and vividness; but with continuous perusal it begins to weigh on the reader. He feels the strain, the unsparing effort, that this glittering fabric must have cost in the building; he ceases to sympathise with the story and begins to sympathise with the author, and gradually his brain is oppressed. It is fated that work of this kind shall end by lacking life. "Eöthen" started with plenty of liveliness. The present writer is too young to remember its first publication; but he remembers that it stood in his father's library side by side with Borrow's "Bible in Spain," and that he read the two works in the same week—such a week! They belong to the same period and, in a sense, to the same fashion; each combined a tantalising personal charm with a strong, almost fierce colouring of circumstance; each was, in its way, a protest against academical writing. But whereas Borrow stood for ever fortified by his wayward nature and his abominable English against the temptation of writing as he ought, Kinglake had been educated at Eton and Cambridge and might at any time fall a prey to the gentlemanly instincts. His irony (as in the interview with the Pasha) was too delicate (it is almost French); his judgment of effect (as in the "Plague" chapter) too sure. The performance was wonderful, the promise a trifle dangerous. "My narrative," he says in his famous preface, "conveys, not those impressions which *ought to have been* produced upon any 'well constituted mind,' but those which were really and truly received, at the time of his rambles, by a headstrong and not very amiable traveller. . . . As I have felt, so I have written." In such cases it is a misfortune that the "headstrong traveller" should even recognise the danger. In the "Invasion," Kinglake still feels as a headstrong man, but writes by rule.

The devotion to phrase which he exhibits throughout the eight volumes goes a long way towards destroying their worth. Nothing can be more certain than that beauty of expression is a small part of a good prose style. Perspective, balance, logical connection, rise and fall of emotion, are all quite as important. It is an indifferent landscape that contains nothing dull: and beyond doubt, his desire for the immediate success of each paragraph as it came helped Kinglake to miss the broad effect. He must always be vivid; and when the strain told, he exaggerated and sounded—as Matthew Arnold accused him of sounding—the note of provinciality. There were other causes. He was, as we have seen, an English country gentleman—*avant tout je suis gentilhomme anglais*, as the Duke of Wellington wrote to Louis XVIII. His admiration of the respectable class to which he belonged is revealed by a thousand touches in his narrative—we can find half a score in the description of Codrington's assault on the Great Redoubt in the battle of the Alma—nor, when some high heroic action is in progress, do we often miss an illustration, or at least a metaphor, from the hunting-field. Undoubtedly he had the merits of his class; but quite as surely he inherited its narrowness. Travel and wide experience had not cured him. Had they done so, they would probably have left his soul void. Most country gentlemen in England possess distinction, but hardly two in a generation are cosmopolitan and distinguished at the same time.

But the main cause of Kinglake's tediousness and failure in broad effect is to be found in the "Invasion" itself. It is his amazing care for minor events—which, of course, was part of his conscious method. A writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, the other day, remarked that Kinglake has "raised a noble literary monument to a second-rate campaign, like Thucydides, when he immortalised the Sicilian expedition; but the Greek historian was not weighed down under a mass of materials. He got what information he could; he may have had access to certain public documents; but he sifted, selected, and compressed and so produced a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί." Now the gentleman who considers the Sicilian expedition to have been a "second-rate campaign" ought to have his bumps examined without delay: the rest of the observation, however, which we have quoted, is not only true in itself, but noteworthy because of the entirely false conclusion which he draws from it. The conclusion is that Kinglake failed because he was a "scientific" and not an "artistic" historian. As a matter of fact he failed because he must needs be both. There is scarcely a page in the eight volumes but bears witness to the handling of the artist: for glaring examples let us take the picture of the Prince President cowering in an inner chamber during the bloodshed of the *Coup d'État*, the short speech of Sir Colin Campbell to his Highlanders before their advance on the Great Redoubt (given in the exact manner of Thucydides) or the narrative of the Heavy Brigade's charge at Balaclava culminating in the following passage—

> "The difference that there was in the temperaments of the two comrade regiments showed itself in the last moments of the onset. The Scots Greys gave no utterance except to a low, eager, fierce moan of rapture—the moan of outbursting desire. The Inniskillings went in with a cheer. With a rolling prolongation of clangour which resulted from the bends of a line now deformed by its speed, the 'three hundred' crashed in upon the front of the column."

But artist as Kinglake is, he will be scientific also. Let any man try to understand his story of Inkerman without map or plans, and the ill-success of Kinglake's double method is proved.

It remains to be added that he is a partizan. Now partizanship, though it cannot fail to damage a work as history, may make it splendid as literature. Only, the work must be short. Partizanship in a work of such detail and volume is preposterous. One can as easily listen to an advocate for a week on end as read a pamphlet in eight fat volumes. The longevity of the British Bench is notorious; but it comes of hearing both sides of the question.

Yet, after all, it is poor work finding these faults. To read a page or two of Kinglake is to confess the master. He tames that beautiful and dangerous beast, the English sentence, with difficulty, indeed, but, having tamed, works it to high achievements, obedient to his beck and call. The Crimean War is to be regretted for many reasons. It spilt much English blood; wrecked many decent reputations; and absorbed the personality that had informed "Eöthen" and made it one of the most delightful books of its generation.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

LAST Monday morning the sun broke through our atmosphere and shone into London. He had left us for a month and a half, during which time we walked in darkness, inhaling each other's breath and opinions: and the old question recurred—Is it worth a man's while to live here and join five millions of people in blotting out the sun, which, after all, can do more for him than any fellow-creature? What recompense have we for choking our lungs with fine coal and developing under a pot, like so many rhubarb-sticks? Not health, certainly; nor happiness; nor wealth, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The least imaginative man in London could hardly be blind, in those six weeks, to the crowded misery amid which he moved. It confronted him on every pavement, and was about the only thing the fog

failed to hide. It filled his evening newspaper, and even the gentlemen who adorned his morning *Times* with their letters admitted its existence while they deprecated an attempt to relieve it. The number of starving—obviously starving—creatures one passed in the streets during the bitter week before Christmas was appalling. The darkness seemed to bring them out like bats. They started up suddenly in the narrow circle of the pedestrian's vision, horrible to the eye and even more horrible to the imagination, which divined miles of destitution behind the surrounding fog.

But starting from a point in society above low-water mark and the "submerged tenth," let us ask what this London sky does for the men and women beneath it. It not only narrows their horizon: it distorts their vision. A large crowd gathered below St. Paul's on New Year's Eve to hear Big Ben strike twelve, your Cockney being so small an insect as to believe that Time divides into parcels on the top of Ludgate Hill. The morning newspapers, supposed to represent the moving intelligence of the British Empire, allowed this gathering a prominent place in their columns next morning. It was described with careful solemnity: in one or two papers it occupied more space than all the doings of the Western hemisphere. The reason is plain enough. These papers are written on a slight declivity, separated only by a narrow vale and a railway bridge from Ludgate Hill. The writers are persistent in their work, chronicling all they see; but they travel in the Underground to their posts of observation, and emerging on the slope of Fleet Street, stunted by subterranean travel, find that even by standing on tip-toe they cannot peer over the near hill, crowned as it is with a tall cathedral building. We shall have to pull down St. Paul's, one of these days, to let these gentlemen see the world.

The distortion of the Londoner's vision is even more remarkable. The crowd on Ludgate Hill, according to the reports, employed the last minutes of the Old Year in "yelling music-hall songs and hustling women"; St. Paul's Churchyard was "the scene of much horseplay"; the notes of Big Ben, breaking in on the vociferations of London's chivalry and the squeals of its beauty in distress, brought "something like surprise," we learn. And yet the crowd had come out to hear twelve o'clock strike. The mental crassitude which can thus mix up things that differ, that leads adult people to swarm in one particular spot to await the New Year and there hail its advent with music-hall songs, can only be found, we venture to think, in London. The blind fool-fury of the Seine is at least animated by something like a purpose: but the air must be Boeotian indeed that breeds a man capable of imagining

"Come where the booze is cheaper . . ."

to be the appropriate salutation for the birth of 1891. "There was no Higginbottom on the banks of the Ilissus," Matthew Arnold warned us. We may add that the Athenians scorned neither the charms of Anacreontic verse, nor (as far as we know) the advantage of buying good wine at the lowest possible price. But—perhaps because they had a clear sky over their heads and were rather proud of it—they discovered certain essential differences between things. If "Come where the booze is cheaper" had captivated their literary sense, they would still have kept it out of their processional songs. Even our country men in outlying villages have this discernment. Their songs are devotional at Christmas; on Twelfth Night they sing in praise of liquor, as men who live in daylight and see with their eyes. They didn't call it "booze." And regarding the Cockney of to-day, born in a fog between two gin-shops, we cannot think the Athenians over-prized a bright atmosphere. Dr. Johnson, to be sure, was fond of asserting that climate had no influence on a man: but Dr. Johnson was a special pleader and lived before fogs.

A Cockney the other day, in the hearing of the present writer, expressed some contempt for his "country cousins," whom he appeared to consider as beings of curiously undeveloped intelligence. Being asked for proof of his superiority, he answered, "Here in London, where every other person tries to cheat, you are bound to be wide-awake." Now, granting the highest exercise of man's intellect to lie in the detection and outwitting of commercial dishonesty, we still deny the Londoner's eminence. A Scotsman, newly arrived at King's Cross, will "eat him" at that game. Why, the purblind Cockney is cheated over almost every morsel of food he puts into his mouth. He is forced at every turn to conclude an iniquitous bargain. He is fond of talking about "public opinion," meaning "London opinion"; he thinks that the shouts of a mass-meeting in the top-corner of Hyde Park awaken quite considerable echoes from John o' Groat's to the Land's End. But the real strength of opinion in London may be tested by the continued powers of Covent Garden, Billingsgate, and the Gas Companies. This Cockney who claims to sway an Empire with his nod cannot cheapen the price of a cabbage in his own market. Elsewhere men are obliged to form their own convictions, in some measure: and the operation is healthy. But here a man receives "opinion" hot and hot and indigestible from the newspapers. He swallows it, and imagines he has thought for himself. Then, having deputed to others the task of finding out what he wants, he goes on to depute the business of getting it. And, as a result, he pays through the nose.

With his emotions the case is worse, as is pitifully evident to anyone who has spent a Christmas in town. People who scarcely know the names of their next-door neighbours can hardly be stirred into quick goodwill towards men. General benevolence wants particular and concrete objects. One waited in vain for the carollers to come by: one longed to hear the voice of a human being lifted in something like gladness: one remembered the songs of the countryside at this season. But outside the ways were piled with dirty snow; a thick mist, each drop of it smeared with soot, hid the stars; there was no sound but the muffled footfall of a pedestrian belated in an unfriendly street and the whine of a freezing beggar accosting him. On Christmas morning the newspapers came as usual. Each had a leading article in praise of Christmas. It was simply convention, of course. The great glory might shine on certain poor shepherds "in fields as they lay": it never pierced the gloom that enfolded London.

CHARLES KEENE.

THERE is a crisis in the history of one of the most notable and most popular of our national institutions. Nothing is sufficiently stable in this country to escape the rule of change. The Crown, the Church, even the Law, are unable to resist the democratic spirit. We lop off ancient privileges, narrow the authority of oligarchies, and flatter ourselves that freedom, broadening slowly down, brings every institution into touch with the masses of the people. How far this is a true estimate of progress, need not be discussed now. But there is one great pillar of the British Constitution which has certainly not been re-fashioned in a more popular style of architecture. Can it be said that *Punch* is more democratic than he was in the days of Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Leech, and in the heyday of Charles Keene? Jerrold had no love for the fetish which now goes by the name of "law and order," and which demands worship of authority, even at the sacrifice of liberty. Thackeray did not deal tenderly with the privileged classes. Leech and Charles Keene delighted in the lives of people who were not found in drawing-rooms, and whose diction does not conform to the fastidious canons of the United Service Club. There is a

famous drawing of Leech's, called "Family Pride"—not the pride of Bayswater, not the august gentility of Brixton, but the natural superiority of a little ragamuffin who says to a companion, "My mother can fight your mother." Charles Keene drew from life in the same spirit. He found many of his subjects in the gutter. The genius of fun danced before him and swept crossings, or entered into the capacious forms of elderly ladies, and hailed omnibuses, or stimulated cabmen to those feats of wit and humour which have made them illustrious in the pages of *Punch*. Waiters, too, were amongst the objects of Keene's closest study, and yielded up to him the pearls of wisdom which are inseparable from table-napkins and greasy dress-suits. The elders of the Scotch kirk revealed to him all the treasures of their national drollery. Butlers, when he drew them, were sublime. But Leech and Keene are gone. Mr. Tenniel, the last of the famous artists of that bygone generation, is still with us, but his pencil has always been employed on more sphere-shaking themes than the passing humours of society. There are excellent draughtsmen on the staff of *Punch*, but the chief of them never draws anybody lower in the social scale than a lady's-maid. Mr. Sambourne's allegories are delightful. Mr. Harry Furniss's Parliamentary pencil is ever devising some new entertainment. The hunting-field, the ball-room, and the dinner-table are admirably represented. But the street, as Leech and Keene knew it, seems to be fading out of the gallery; and the centre of *Mr. Punch's* gravity, if he can be said to have such a thing, is apparently transferred to circles in which the humours of the common people are not greatly relished.

The genius of fun, nowadays, is, indeed, by no means the robust familiar that waited on the pencil of Keene, but a somewhat timid spirit who looks as if he were suffering from the dissipation of his ancestors. He does not sweep crossings any more, and it is questionable, now Keene has departed, whether he will drink too much brandy-and-water again. The Leech school delighted in the comic drunkard, and Keene perhaps found more entertainment in this image of imbecility than in anything else. How often has the husband returned home in Keene's drawings to indulge in puzzles with his latch-key, and make incoherent explanations to his wife? Somehow this drollery has evaporated. The incessantly recurring jest has the flavour of heel-taps. There was a time, no doubt, when many gentlemen got drunk nightly, and were carried to bed by the servants, and nobody thought any the worse of them. But this is not the standard of taste now. Gentlemen do not come down to breakfast and cheerily explain to their womenkind that the third bottle was too much for them the night before. Nor is it possible to get very merry now over Keene's pictures of tipsy absurdity—the belated householder who has been to a masonic banquet, and the stout matron in a nightcap, with a candle and a reproving eye. We have grown so fastidious that even the nightcap may be shocking to some of us, just as Mrs. Caudle is voted vulgar by very polite society. But the comic drunkard is unmistakably a bore. Intoxication may of course be the subject of satire, like any other vice or weakness; but Keene was not a satirist. He had a perfect respect for his drunken citizen, and not the least idea of suggesting that such a man ought to be ashamed of himself. Another antiquated figure in many genial sketches was the mother-in-law, whose numerous exploits in Keene's picture-gallery have left no possibilities to any other artist. The henpecked husband is equally familiar, and almost as tiresome. Perhaps we are a little impatient with our humorous artists, because we expect them, rather unreasonably, to have no limitations. Given a sense of humour and a skilful pencil, why should not the draughtsman have a boundless field of observation, instead of confining himself to the same old types? In respect of range, Leech was superior to Keene, and indeed his fertility was far greater than that of any of his contemporaries or successors. On the other hand, Keene was much the finer artist, and his men and women are so vivid that they live in the memory like personal acquaintances. Any middle-aged City gentleman you may meet in an omnibus on his way home to Kentish Town is pretty certain to suggest smiling recollections of Keene, especially if he has a difference of opinion with the conductor. There was a time when it was impossible to sit opposite a spinster of a certain age, without feeling tempted to say, "Pardon me, but I saw your portrait in last week's *Punch*; also a diverting anecdote of your private life." Alas! the kindly hand that drew the picture will draw no more.

It is odd to find that this humorist lived the life of a recluse; that few people ever saw him; that his only recreation, apart from his pipe, was the music of a heathen instrument which would have driven Leech mad; that he looked like Don Quixote, and talked like Oliver Goldsmith. There is a legend that Goldsmith, whose conversational powers were not pre-eminent, once undertook to repeat a riddle that had tickled his fancy. In the rare moments when he was sociable, Keene would entertain the company with stories which, like Goldsmith's conundrum, led to nothing. The audience knew there must be a stupendous joke somewhere; but though the narrator chuckled over it with the greatest relish, it never came to light. The spectacle of a picturesque old gentleman, with a humorous idea struggling about in him, and with the mistaken conviction that he had made it quite clear, might have been rather serious if Keene had possessed no faculty of expression. But he enjoyed one great advantage. No gossip took him in hand, and interviewers knew him not. He was not asked to favour the world with his views about the social system, art, and the dignity of caricaturists. His comrades of *Punch* knew his value when ideas were wanted for the paper, and they knew, too, that in the opinion of the best judges he was one of the first artists of his time. Foreign critics were moved to unwonted enthusiasm by the technical qualities of his work. But his chief claim to be remembered is that though he never drew the dainty ladies whom Mr. Du Maurier makes so delightful, he represented with the greatest fidelity an aspect of English life and character which created the popularity of *Punch*, and gave it that representative reputation which is in some danger of being impaired.

HOME PETS.

VIII.—Dukes.

MY friends are always complaining to me about my dukes. They say that I have too many, that I ought not to allow them in the house, and that they are very ill-mannered. There may, perhaps, be something in the complaints, but what can I do? I own between thirty and forty dukes, and although they are safely locked up in an old shed during the night, they simply will get into the house in the daytime. As a rule, I do not think that they do much harm; most of them are good-tempered, and all of them are quite clean, for I have them well washed with carbolic soap once every fortnight. But there are, of course, exceptional cases. Now, some time ago I bought a large duke who had been in an American novel and got his temper spoiled. I have told my servants time after time that I will not have this animal in the drawing-room—that they may make as much fuss with him as they like in the kitchen, but that on no account is he to be allowed to go any further than the kitchen. I have tried, too, to make the duke himself see that the kitchen is his proper place. But it is all of no use. However careful my servants are, and however often I thrash him for his disobedience, he is certain

to break bounds; and then, of course, there is unpleasantness. It is not very nice for a visitor, just ushered into the drawing-room, to find a great fat duke asleep on the hearth-rug in front of the fire; and it is especially unpleasant when the beast uncurls himself, sits up, and begins to talk about his order. I really hardly know what to do with him. He has a way of saying "*Noblesse oblige*," and not caring where he says it. Then, again, there was a duke in "Sir Percival"; I do not know if you remember him. I bought him; he was expensive, but I do not care what I give for a really good duke. He was well marked, with a broad blue ribbon, as it were, across his chest; and when he passed through the market-place, he would speak many a gracious word. The first suspicion that I had of his temper, was when the butler complained about him. It appeared that he had formed a habit of smelling every cork that was drawn, and carefully examining both ends; he would then shrug his shoulders, frown, and completely lose the drift of the conversation. As the butler pointed out to me, no one in the kitchen could possibly stand such manners. I was reluctant to lose the animal, and tried to break him of the habit by keeping him on Apollinaris. It was of no use, and shortly afterwards the poor thing's sense of its social status became so acute, that it was no kindness to keep him alive any longer. Another of my failures was also a novel duke. He had been in Mr. Crawford's "Dr. Claudius." He was quite simple, wore cheap clothes, and seemed able to forget that he had any particular rank. The simplicity and forgetfulness were a little ostentatious, perhaps, but he had no serious vices; he did not, for instance, drop many a gracious word. Yet an accident compelled me to get rid of him. He had gone into the garden in the dusk, to get strawberry leaves, and I mistook him for the gardener. Unfortunately the gardener got to hear of it, and was much hurt. So, to prevent the mistake occurring again, I sold the duke.

I have been asked whether I recommend English or foreign dukes. Either do very well if you can only conquer their passion for social aggrandisement. As a rule, the English duke has the greater property, and the foreign duke has the darker moustache; the foreign duke is more of a villain, and the English duke is more of a bore; but these distinctions only hold in the case of novel-bred dukes. Novel-bred dukes are more satisfactory than the other kind, although I myself keep both. I have only got one literary duke, and I cannot remember at the present moment whether he is novel-bred or not. But he is always shedding articles about the house, and I hardly know what to do with them. If only we had some monthly review which made a specialty of ducal articles, without much regard to their inward merit, I could send them there; but, of course, there is nothing of the sort in existence. As it is, I find these articles lying all over the house—one on the mantelpiece, another on the carpet, and a third very likely on the income tax. But, as I have already said, the main difficulty is to put a stop to their social ambitions. Few dukes, at any rate very few of my collection, are willing to stop down-stairs in the kitchen; and yet if they come up-stairs, one's friends begin to complain at once. I often think, cynically enough, when I go to feed my dukes or to superintend their fortnightly bath, that probably at least half of the beasts consider themselves to be every bit as good as I am. The duke that I got from "Dr. Claudius," however, was quite different. He had a proper sense of shame. I've known him run off into the garden, scratch up a hole, and bury all his titles and family estates in it; then he would come back, and put his cold nose into my hand, and fawn on me, and try to make me believe that he was his butler. It was a pretty and pathetic incident, and a pleasing contrast to the conduct of some of my other dukes, who will go running after American heiresses. Of course, they only get snubbed for their pains.

Yes, in spite of what my friends may say, I love my dukes. It is the natural sympathy of the strong for the weak. The poor animals have been terribly handicapped in the race of life, and I feel for them, and, I think, they are happy with me. The strict discipline, plain living, plain speaking, and carbolic soap, are good for them, and they know it. Occasionally one of them will so far forget himself as to drop a gracious word; and, of course, I have had to put up with the exceptional cases that I have already mentioned; but on the whole they are getting to be very well trained—I had almost said civilised. They will never, I am afraid, be quite as common as canaries, but I do not see any reason why every middle-class household should not own at least one of them. The prejudice which exists against them at present is perfectly senseless, but it has prevented fanciers from devoting proper attention to them. And do not be misled by silly stories about their appetite; they eat very little, if any, more than ordinary people.

THE NATIONAL ART AT THE ACADEMY.

LIKE Elijah's cruse of oil, our private collections are always found equal to the daily, or rather annual, drain made upon them. The winter exhibition of old masters is one of the greatest privileges of the metropolitan art-lover. He obtains so much from Burlington House in this respect that he is emboldened to ask for more—for much more. Why should these exhibitions be of so *olla podrida* a character?—a Giotto cheek-by-jowl with a Wright of Derby, a Landseer fox nailed up between a Watteau pastoral and a Titian Venus? Cannot the official art body arrange for the future to illustrate either the life and works of one great painter, or of a great group or school? To venture on suggestions—noble exhibitions might be given of Velasquez and Zurbaran, with the later Murillo added if necessary; or of the great eighteenth-century Scotchmen. The idea, in embryo, already exists at Burlington House. We have repeatedly had one man's works made the backbone of an exhibition. Often, as in the case of Rossetti and Alfred Stevens, it has been in this way the Academy has done penance—not unprofitably, as the register at their shilling turnstile has shown—for its neglect of artists while they were living. To carry it farther, to furnish forth each exhibition with an ably written, descriptive, critical, and biographical catalogue, would be to render what is already a great boon of priceless worth.

This year a "collection of water-colour drawings illustrating the progress of the art of water-colour in England," vouchsafes most tardy recognition to the one branch of art in which Englishmen hold to-day, and always have held, an unchallenged pre-eminence; and which still remains without its representative, as such, amongst either the Academicians or Associates. These drawings occupy two small rooms, beginning with those of Paul Sandby—one of the original Forty—who was born in Nottingham in 1725, and concluding with those of Fred Walker, A.R.A., who died in 1875. In the face of facts, it is somewhat amusing to notice how the Royal Academy has marked off its period with men whom it has duly recognised. This exhibition affords but the sketchiest outline of the history of water-colours; and is chiefly valuable as suggesting, either to the Academy itself, to the old Water-Colour Society, or the Royal Institute, the "duty," absolutely incumbent upon one of them, of providing us with a satisfactory exposition of the development of this art.

Though in late Tudor and Stuart days we were dependent on the Netherlands and Germany for our great portrait painters, as the lives of Holbein, Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller testify, English miniaturists were favoured all over Europe, and they painted in tempera or opaque water colours. Subsequently it became a practice to make outlines in Indian ink,

and tint them over with transparent washes of water-colour. From these "starved" or tinted drawings sprang our modern art. We should like at the Academy to have seen examples of Cuett and Bonamy, but are content to begin with Sandby, a celebrated aquatintist. Sandby lived some years at Windsor and produced seventy drawings of that neighbourhood, now in the Queen's possession, from which the eight shown are selected. He was something more than a wash-man. He first drew an elaborate outline, then applied his wash, and lastly stippled in such minute details as the bricks of walls and the leaves of trees. It is inconceivable to those who do not know his work, what beautiful effects he produced: note, for instance, the reposeful dignity, the untroubled transparency, of his "Windsor Castle from the Norman Gate," and the plumy elegance of the foliage of the trees—which shade a flock of ostriches, left apparently to roam at large—of "The Lodge, Windsor Great Park, 1768." William Pars, A.R.A., comes next. He was born in 1742, sent to Italy to study by the Dilettanti Society, and attempted, not without a certain measure of graceful success, to reproduce Italian oil-painted landscapes. In all these early painters the distance is remarkable; and the detail with which Pars finishes little far-off groups of figures is astounding. We have examples of Michael Angelo Rooker, A.R.A., Edward Dayes—to whose "Excursions in Yorkshire and Derbyshire" we owe so much of our knowledge of his artistic contemporaries Francis Nicholson and Thomas Hearne; but they are all Dutch or Italian in feeling. Their far-reaching landscapes, painted in a vacuum, give no indication of the distinctively English atmospheric marvels, obtainable by no process but water-colour, achieved in purely English scenes, by such passionately English artists as Cox, De Wint, and Fielding. From these delicately faint tintists to Mr. Albert Goodwin and the vivid intensity of his "dramatic skies" of to-day is a far cry.

In the centre of a full dozen of J. R. Cozens' works we come upon the startlingly modern silvery-grey sketch of Sir William Hamilton's Neapolitan villa. Cozens, perhaps, caught an idea from his father's—that eccentric Russian-born genius, Alexander Cozens—craze for impressionistically developing accidental blots. J. C. Barrow's "Pool of London during the Great Frost of 1789" is most pertinent to the hour in which we live. Henry Edridge's Cathedrals, their bases bathed in roseate light, their summits veiled in blue, are interesting because they must have greatly influenced Prout—Prout, who is so meagrely represented here, whilst there is not a single example of Nash. George Augustus Atkinson, who did so much work for Catherine of Russia, and the great Scotch teacher, the Queen's master, W. L. Leitch, are also passed over.

With Thomas Girtin (1773—1802), the brilliant, early-dying young artist, we come into touch with the modern school. He was the first to use cartridge paper, thus avoiding the "spotty, glittering glare" of hard white surfaces. He is well represented. So is old John Varley (1778—1842), the "Father of the Modern School." Greatly we should like to have seen an example of John Smith, "Warwick" Smith, so-called because the Earl of Warwick sent him to Italy; the man to whom George Barret—in his rare and charming letters on the "Theory and Practice of Water-Colours," which might so well be re-issued—tells we owe so much, as he was the first to wash the whole surface of his paper "from the horizon downwards." Of Joshua Cristall, chief founder of the Water-Colour Exhibitions in the Tresham Rooms, Bond Street, in 1805, and first president of the old Water-Colour Society, when re-organised in 1821, there is no example; nor of his successor in the chair, Copley Fielding. George Cattermole, peerless arranger of groups, who would have made an unapproachable stage-manager, is also totally unrepresented.

The second room opens with a fine collection of John Sell Cotmans. A splendid set of David Coxes cluster round his magnificent "Vale of Clwya," a water-colour landscape which has yet to be surpassed. Turner, who began water-colours with the infant art of "stained drawings"—as the National Gallery demonstrates, and carried them to the subtlest perfection and maturity, conquering colour, atmosphere, and weather—is admirably represented. So is gloriously strong Peter de Wint. The groups of William Hunts—though the Academy Committee of Selection allowed that particular gem in the Orrock collection, which Mr. Ruskin professes is the loveliest bit of colour he ever saw, to escape them—and the little water-colour Claudes, the George Barret transcripts of the land of golden afternoon and celestial distances—though his "Waggon: Evening 1838," is intense in vivid colour—are perhaps the great feature of the exhibition. Bonington (1801-1828), the early-snatched-away, who saw Venice "like a ship about to go to sea," is just represented.

Of the gorgeous Pre-Raphaelitisms of Frederick Lewis, R.A., hung around, his hard, but luminous, "Hareem" interior; of the splendid wall-ful of Fred. Walkers, the artist who discovered a natural statuesque grace in our peasants, who might almost have done for English what Millet did for French rustic life—and without the latter's note of sadness—and whose use of fugitively tinted body-colour will so militate against the perpetuity of his fame, we say nothing. They attract the greatest crowds, but they belong to the art of to-day.

THE DRAMA.

"HEY, nonny, nonny." They have once more revived *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Lyceum, and so sent us all back once more to the enchanting and enchanted Messina of Shakespeare, that strange far-off Messina of the Italian Renaissance which is a table-land above the Delectable Mountains and yet is among the Happy Isles, which marches on the one side with Bohemia-by-the-Sea and on the other with the Kingdom of the Coqcigrues. Here full-blooded, nimble-witted, sixteenth-century gallants, full of the New Learning as of the Old Adam, as ready with their *concetti* as with their poniards, play hide-and-seek behind visor or in cedar-sheltered pleasaunces with stately Titian damsels whose tirewomen have anticipated Lothair's "ropes of pearls," while English watchmen slouch sleepily through the throng, and as unconcernedly as though Messina were in the heart of their own Warwickshire. "Hey, nonny, nonny." What is the peculiar charm of this piece? How shall one analyse it? The first and, I think, predominant impression is an impression of intense vitality, of *la joie de vivre*, or (to be in the latest fashion) of the Schopenhauerian Will to Live. They are all so very much alive, these swaggering gentlemen and gorgeous ladies, all, as Leonato says, in the "May of youth and bloom of lustihood." Ay, even the greybeards (Act v. sc. 2). So much alive that they go a-courting at the very foot of the high altar (Act iv.), amid organ-peals and fumes of frankincense. So much alive that even when they have, or think they have, done innocent brides to death, they are yet ready with heartless quip and crank for bereaved fathers (Claudio, Act v., sc. 2). And the women, mark you, no less than the men. "No glory lives behind the back of maiden pride" for them (Act iii., sc. 1). Beatrice, as Margaret thinks (Act v., sc. 2), "hath legs." So have they all, and are not ashamed of it. They are no Queens of Spain. That is one's first impression, an impression of life. The second is that this life is the peculiar life of the Renaissance. They are all great readers. Even the women have probably studied Plato with Roger Ascham. Beatrice, at any rate, has read the "Hundred Merry Tales" (Act i., sc. 3). The men are chock-full of the classic lore of the new time, a time—

"Sentant encore le lait dont elle fut nourrie."

Benedick talks glibly of Leander and Troilus (Act v., sc. 2), and writes verse—bad verse, as a scholar-soldier should—"a *halting* sonnet of his own poor brain" (Act v., sc. 4). Claudio is a bard. Part of his penance, if you please, for killing a poor lady is to "hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, and sing it to her bones" (Act v., sc. 2). But life and letters do not sum up the Renaissance; they must be completed by a touch of the lurid—Benvenuto Cellini must cut Pompeo's throat, as well as carve in silver—and so we get our third impression. This is an impression of sombre melodrama, Italian treachery, the intrusion of Mephistopheles into the *Kermesse* which the dramatist has provided for us in the intrigue of Don John and Borachio. Mr. Irving's restoration of this element of the story, an element almost ignored in previous stage-practice, is an example of the sound judgment he never fails to show in such matters. In France (where the play was adapted three years ago by M. Louis Legendre for the Odéon) they have carried this restoration a step farther by representing on the stage the scene between Borachio and Margaret at the window, which Shakespeare has been content merely to narrate—an instance, most Englishmen will think, of zeal in excess. Can I grind out a fourth impression? Yes; in the strange manner of Claudio's wooing—behind a mask and in the person of his prince—I like to fancy a premonition of the theatre of Hugo and Musset. And when Claudio consents to wed a veiled lady whom he has never seen, he is the direct ancestor of Don César de Bazan. Thus are the Elizabethan and the Romantic epoch brought together. One might go on to a fifthly or a fifteenthly—all merging at last into one composite picture of the multifarious, seething, fermenting life, the polychromatic phantasmagoria of the Renaissance. Like some quaint book of the time, with a quainter title, some "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," or like some vast crowded canvas of the time—that great marriage-piece, say, of Veronese in the Salon Carré of the Louvre—*Much Ado about Nothing* is an Inn of Strange Meetings.

My excuse for dwelling upon this aspect of the piece rather than upon the "merry war" of Beatrice and Benedick is, that the latter topic is by this time more than a little stale. There is nothing new to be said about it, unless one adopts M. Jules Lemaître's shocking heresy, and calls the pair of combatants "insupportable—savages trying to be witty—extremely subtle brutes." Any Englishman who ventured on that would ever afterwards require a police-escort, so I forbear. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, at any rate, are not insupportable; they are both of them admirable in this play, now as they have always been. Mr. Howe's Antonio and Mr. Tyars' Borachio are valuable survivals from the old cast. Mr. Terriss is the new Claudio, Mr. Macklin the Don Pedro, Miss Annie Irish the Hero, and Mr. Mackintosh the Dogberry. Mr. J. Robertson returns to the Lyceum to sing, and to set us all singing, "Hey, nonny, nonny."

Another revival, which is proving very welcome to a slightly different set of playgoers, is that of *The Silver King* at the New Olympic. This melodrama is now universally recognised as one of the classics of its kind. Its point of departure is well-invented; its action is rapid; and its characters, if familiar—the falsely accused hero, the persecuted heroine, the faithful servant, and the gentleman-burglar—are all amusing. If it has a fault, that fault is the usual one of melodrama, surplusage of dialogue. The ideal melodrama (from the critic's point of view, not the public's) would be performed entirely in pantomime, or by marionettes, or by silhouettes cast on a screen. No one who has seen that ancient Hebraic melodrama, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, as recently played in Paris in dumb-show, can doubt this. Diderot, one of the few philosophers who have been acute theatrical critics, rightly insisted on the importance of pantomime in drama, and had his own way of enjoying it. This was to go to the most distant seats in the house, and to follow the performance with his fingers thrust into his ears. His neighbours were naturally astonished. "They could not refrain from asking questions" ("Letter on the Deaf and Dumb," i. 359), "to which I answered coldly, 'that everybody had his own way of listening, and that my way was to stop my ears, so as to understand better.'" Playgoers in search of a new sensation might profitably try Diderot's experiment at the Olympic.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

"Mr." de Blowitz, as he is called in *Harper's*, refreshes us with another illustration of his abounding modesty. He tells the story of his entrance into journalism. "Fantastic tales" of this sphere-shaking event have been told, but "Mr." de Blowitz is able to give us the facts "on the best authority." Incidentally, he describes "the somewhat elaborate genealogy" by which his wife traced her pedigree to the Bourbons; but that is not the kind of distinction by which he claims to be known. He read newspapers "to pass away the time," and this education enabled him to contemplate "with terror the complete and fatal ignorance prevalent in France" on the eve of the war with Germany. Indeed, "Mr." de Blowitz has passed his life in contemplating with terror the ignorance of others, and with supreme satisfaction his own omniscience.

According to "the best authority" this great creature was the guardian angel of France during the war and the Commune. He comforted Thiers in the darkest hour of adversity. He talked to that statesman in Provençal "localisms," and the eyes of Thiers "sparkled under his glasses." All through the siege of Paris "Mr." de Blowitz was the mainstay of the Parisians. Such was the esteem in which he was held by the authorities that they were about to send him as consul to Riga or Rustchuk, or some place equally remote, when Laurence Oliphant proposed that he should act as assistant Paris correspondent to the *Times*. This is a mere outline of the wondrous tale, the climax of which is "Mr." de Blowitz's description of the religious opinions with which he rebuked Oliphant's theory of a new doctrine. "I prefer the word of Christ," said De Blowitz, thus giving the New Testament a sanction which it had previously lacked.

"Chez Pousset" is out of place in the *Fortnightly*, and would be out of place in a much less pretentious magazine. "Oh," exclaims the writer, Mr. Delille, "how much there is, how much in life—if one only comes to think of it—how much that is singularly, strangely, infinitely pathetic!" Like Byron, Mr. Delille is not strong in reflection; but his ability to shoot the crow at which he does not aim rivals that of the Pickwickian sportsman. He likens the fragmentary talk at Pousset's in the small hours of the morning to "quartz broken up very small," indicating that "this is high praise." Then he gives a page of illustrations—quartz, all of it, without a grain of gold.

"On m'a dit qu'il était 'Wilde' . . . J'ai répondu: 'Il en a l'air; mais pourquoi alors qu'on le laisse se promener dans les rues?'" The French may have *esprit*; but, if this is a good specimen, *esprit* has little relation to wit. However, Mr. Wilde likes it, he says, because it reminds him of the pleasant old nurse who used to assure the promenaders in Merion Square that her charge was "Wilde by name, and wild by nature."

ONE of the sayings MR. DELILLE overheard is on a somewhat higher level than this old wives' gossipry. "BALZAC—un grand poète né sans voix . . . Une lyre énorme sans cordes" is an amorphous approach to wit. But where did the speaker get it? It looks like an attempt to dissolve in *esprit* the wit of MR. SWINBURNE'S old remark—"BALZAC is SHAKESPEARE without the lyrical faculty."

DR. JOHN BRADSHAW has noticed a point in GRAY'S "Bard" overlooked by all the annotators, and in the three chief recent editions of GRAY. By the omission of inverted commas, the editions of MITFORD, GOSSE, ROLFE, and the Clarendon Press deviate from GRAY'S, obscuring what he had left clear, viz., that the incantation in the poem is sung in chorus by the Bard and the spirits of his lost companions, and that, when the incantation is ended, the Bard takes up the song alone. The edition of 1768, which contains GRAY'S latest and most deliberate corrections, is DR. BRADSHAW'S authority.

THE reader remembers BROWNING'S "Youth and Art." In it the sculptor and the singer do not marry; she weds a rich old lord, and he is dubbed knight, each life remaining unfulfilled. MR. MORLEY ROBERTS, in *Macmillan*, tells the story of a sculptor and a singer who did marry, who sighed deep, laughed free, starved, feasted, despaired—were happy; and the story is true, and as notable as that of CELLINI with his PERSEUS, or that of MRS. CARLYLE and her bread-baking at Craigenputtock.

BORDON, the Chelsea bronze-caster, is a Swiss by birth, and started life as a blacksmith. He left the forge for the shop of a decorative sculptor, and began to suspect that his material was clay. Soon he found his way to Paris, and after struggles and privations married a musician. Thinking that England might be emptier of artists than France, he crossed the Channel, and laboured along with his brother-in-law at "image-making." How, in order to avoid the expense of sending to Naples, he applied himself to discover the old *cire perdue* process of casting, used then only by the Florentines and the Neapolitans, and how, after years of courageous battle with fire and snow, his own impecuniosity and the stupidity of others, he at length succeeded to admiration, makes as fine a piece of contemporary biography as we have read for a long time.

A WHOLESOME essay by MR. HAVEL on the "Sublime," with the works of LONGINUS and BURKE for texts, reminds us that the saying, "The style is the man," although it has passed through the truism stage into that of the joke—the fate of many a good saying—is as true as it ever was for those who try to think the thoughts of all time rather than the thoughts which belong more particularly to their own time. Grandeur and majesty of diction are the natural expression of those who live greatly and think greatly. "Live nobly," said LONGINUS; "scorn little things, and there is no fear that your thoughts will be mean, or your words unworthy of them." How could a modern reviewer apply this?

THE question confronts us with one of the great difficulties in the way of a just criticism of the works of living writers, and that is, the necessity of maintaining silence regarding the writers themselves. General references to a writer's age, education, etc., are of course permissible, but anything intimate is held to be in bad taste. By many, also, such reference would be considered altogether beside the mark in literary or artistic criticism, as if a product were independent of the producer! Even in the case of machinery this is an impossible standpoint. There are those, doubtless, who ask of a sausage only that it taste well, but the more refined wish to be certain that the machine was clean, and that Nature, and not unaided apparatus, had to do with making what was minced into pork. And yet it is just some of these refined people, the very last to treat an artist as a machine, who insist on judging the work apart from the worker.

WE would not propose to put in a plea for licence to deal with the conduct as well as with the works of living writers: we only wish to point out the limitations of the homely, slighted critic's trade. There is an idea abroad—often combated before, but none the worse of a sword-thrust now and again—that reviewing, at the best, is a low kind of work. If those who grow impatient with talk about style and mannerism would remember, not that the law of libel is quite strong and healthy, but that the public want some guidance as to the books they should read—guidance which unless it be given in an imperfect way cannot be given at all—they would appreciate better the followers of the hampered, thankless, misunderstood occupation of reviewing.

PROFESSOR SIDGWICK has undertaken, along with other experimental psychologists, a statistical inquiry into the nature and frequency of apparitions, voices heard when no one has spoken, and touches felt when no one is near. A sufficient number of cases has not yet been collected to enable PROFESSOR SIDGWICK to decide whether apparitions coinciding in a remarkable way with events occurring at a distance from, and unknown to, the percipient, have any real connection with these events.

ONE incident sent to PROFESSOR SIDGWICK from Germany is very striking. A lady was walking home along a familiar road one night in 1885. It was full moon, and as she approached a cross with which popular tradition associated various uncanny rumours, she saw, as she supposed, a tramp sitting on a stone opposite to it. As she drew nearer she perceived that it was a female figure, and, as it was bitterly cold, she went up to the woman to awake her. "With bewilderment," the lady writes, "I recognised the dress I was myself wearing on the creature on whose shoulder I was about to place my hand. At that moment it raised its head, looked fixedly at me with my own countenance, and vanished."

IT might be taken as a sign of the times that prophecy concerns itself so much with events, the chief agents in which are clad, as regards their nether habiliments, in pig-skin. Although the school of prophets whose range of prediction is confined to giving the "straight tip" is perhaps the most prominent, there comes to the front just now another school of prophets more limited in number, but wider in their range, the almanack-makers. It is amusing to glance through their predictions, which are, as a rule, general and vague. "Trade will be uncertain and erratic, and reckless speculation will be on the increase," refers to the present month; and in August "a mysterious rumour, which will gain strength and credence by repetition, will fill a certain section of our members of Parliament with uneasiness and insecurity."

SOME of the predictions are more definite, however. We are told that in a day or two a fanatic will arise and attempt to preach a new religion; and that some time in January a curious disease in cattle will be discovered. In March, "the suicide of a lion in the literary and artistic world will cause much sensation;" and in December, "a good, gentle, and brave man will do his very best for his brothers

and his country." We asked a working man, whom we saw buying one of these prophetic almanacks, what value he attached to it. "Why," he said, "last year's issue foretold in January the weather we've just been having." And so one or two coincidences are sufficient to excuse all mistakes.

NOVELISTS seem to be driven to desperate straits by the difficulty of producing original titles for their books. MR. WILLIAM BLACK resorts to exhortation on his title-page, such as "Stand Fast, Craig Royston!" MR. FARJEON has made a tremendous effort to surpass everybody in comprehensiveness, for a new story of his is called "Ties: Human and Divine." We are afraid it is not possible for any writer to fulfil the promise of such a description. If somebody were to write a treatise on turnpike roads, and call it "The Habitable Globe," he would be just as likely to disappoint his readers.

IN a book entitled "Curiosities of the American Stage," MR. LAURENCE HUTTON, in a chapter about Hamlet, leaves it to some other historian to do "full justice to the Hamlets of the present and the future, from HENRY IRVING to N. S. WOOD." Many people have puzzled themselves about MR. N. S. WOOD. No tragedian of the name is known in this country; and in America all efforts to discover him have apparently proved fruitless. Possibly MR. HUTTON means that MR. N. S. WOOD is the Hamlet of "the future," whose aspirations, and even whose address, are known only to a few devoted friends. But with a public, on both sides of the ocean, burning to see N. S. WOOD in the flesh, how can MR. HUTTON keep his young genius in hiding?

MR. EDMUND GOSSE thinks that IBSEN has deliberately caricatured in his new play a notable scene in *A Doll's House*. This, suggests MR. GOSSE, is the dramatist's playful way of reproving the too ardent disciples who see a profound ethical purpose in all his work. If SHAKESPEARE could only come to life, and find what a mountain of theory has been built on his lightest word, he would probably amuse himself very much in the IBSEN fashion, but with considerably more breadth of humour. Whatever may be the Norwegian dramatist's views of life, there is no doubt that his reading public is much enlarged. He has the happy gift, as MR. GOSSE points out, of making a play unfold an interesting story, and one may find in it all the excitement of a novel without being very deeply concerned about its moral. But above all, the characters speak like actual beings, and though you may not like them, it is indisputable that their creator makes them live.

MR. D'OYLY CARTE is reported to be contemplating a remarkable innovation in theatrical prices. It is said that the dress-circle is to be the most costly part for the public in the new opera house, and that, while the usual price of half a guinea will be charged for a stall, a dress-circle seat will demand twelve or fifteen shillings. An architectural novelty in the new theatre is the absence of pillars. There is an unbroken view of the stage from every seat. This is a great advantage, but the dress-circle revolution will cast a cloud over the finances of many playgoers. Still, it is manifest that the tendency of theatrical prices in London is upward, and MR. WILSON BARRETT'S experiment with six-shilling stalls is likely to be isolated.

FOUR lecture courses of exceptional interest are offered at University Hall, Gordon Square, during the term which commences next week. MRS. J. R. GREEN promises, as the result of much original research and as some compensation for the lack of a historical manual on the subject, to tell (on Thursday afternoons and Tuesday nights) the story of "English Towns, and how they won their freedom." The Warden of the settlement, the REV. PHILIP H. WICKSTEED, gives an elementary sociological course under the title "The Life and Structure of Human Societies," the family, property, and slavery being particularly dealt with. There are two theological courses: PASTOR C. G. CHAVANNES speaking in French on Friday evenings of "Le Valeur Religieuse de l'Ancien Testament," and the venerable DR. JAMES MARTINEAU conducting, on Sunday afternoons, a special examination of St. Luke's Gospel. In consenting to undertake this task, DR. MARTINEAU wishes it to be known that he addresses himself to the host of young working men and women who find themselves "severed from the shelter of well-ordered homes and left to self-direction amid the perilous cross-currents of London life," many of whom are affected by "the sceptical reaction of the age; and having, from their education, little resisting power except the protest of a hurt piety, are flung into conflicts of mind destructive to peace and dangerous to character." Looking upon such perplexities "not as a sin, but rather as a Divine call to seek a purer light," DR. MARTINEAU is "profoundly anxious that the inevitable reconstruction should be calm in its process and clear in its limits, and should cast away no true sanctity."

VAN MARCKE, the greatest of the modern Dutch painters of cattle, is dead. He was a disciple of TROYON, whose works his own much resembled. He enjoyed a great popularity in England, and his paintings, like those of his daughter, E. DIETERLE, which he is said to have affectionately retouched, have of late been increasingly to be found at the dealers'.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB grows yearly in strength and earnestness. It is distinctly the most important English art movement of the day. Dissatisfied with their experiment in the joys of exile at Knightsbridge last year, they have returned to their old love, and leased the Dudley Gallery for three years. They will become a formally incorporated body, and hold a winter and a summer exhibition annually.

THE LEDWARD exhibition and subscription fund has realised £500. The committee of Chelsea artists who have undertaken this mission think they see their way clear to obtain double that amount, when the lists will close, and the whole be invested for the benefit of the widow and children of the brilliant young sculptor.

MR. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., is well advanced with a memorial to the poet SHELLEY, which he has been commissioned to execute for LADY SHELLEY, and which will be erected in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. It is a work of splendid promise. A draped figure of the Muse sits mournfully guarding a body which has been cast up by the relentless waves. Two winged lions are introduced as supporters. MR. FORD will himself accompany his work to Rome.

COUNT GLEICHEN, PRINCE VICTOR HOHENLOHE, has been inviting inspection of the cast of a statue of the PRINCESS OF WALES, which is to stand in the hall of the new Royal Academy of Music, and face that of her husband, now being finished in the marble in the studio in St. James's Palace.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

The Princess wears the academic robes and cap with which the public became so familiar by means of photographs at the time when she received an honorary degree from Dublin University. The ample folds of the gown and hood lend themselves admirably to sculpturesque treatment. The likeness is excellent, but the artist has failed to catch the Princess's happiest expression, and certainly does not flatter her. There is a certain dignity, but a lack of freedom about the work. Rumour has eagerly appointed COUNT GLEICHEN SIR EDGAR BOEHM'S successor as Sculptor-in-Ordinary to the Queen; but MR. GILBERT, A.R.A., is a far likelier selection. MR. GILBERT will in all probability be called upon also to fill his late friend's chair at Burlington House. But all speculation on the subject must necessarily be idle.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I WAS sitting alone over my club fire a few nights ago. The snow and frost would, I thought, secure me from interruption, and give me an opportunity for quiet meditation. I had just taken up *Punch*, when the door opened and someone crossed the room and took the arm-chair opposite to mine. I heard myself addressed in good English, spoken with a slightly foreign accent. I looked up. My first thought was that one of the Elgin marbles had escaped from Bloomsbury and was preparing to return to Athens, *viâ* Charing Cross. The speaker was a tall and magnificently proportioned man, with keen eyes and short crisp golden beard. He was dressed, or rather draped, in a flowing Greek garment, and was stretching out his sandalled feet to the fire. His face, which was singularly beautiful, was quite familiar to me, but I was unable to recall his name.

"God bless me!" I cried, springing up; "how well I know your face! Are you not——"

"Alcibiades," said the statuesque figure. "And your name?"

"Jones," said I, with judicious reticence. "But, my dear sir, you are shivering. Pray have my overcoat, and let me ring for whisky."

"Well," said I, as Alcibiades resumed his seat, wrapped in my overcoat, "I am delighted to see you. We Englishmen are what Madame Tussaud has made us, and we love to behold conspicuous virtue or conspicuous vice. You, for example, are probably the most inconsistent man who ever lived."

"On the contrary, my dear Ion," said Alcibiades, "I am probably the only truly consistent man."

"Consistent," I repeated, "to what?"

"To myself. Have I not made all else—honour, friendship, patriotism—subservient to my personal ambition?"

"What!" I cried, "were you never a patriot? You served your country long and well. Did you care nothing for her glory and success?"

"Much, my good Ion," said Alcibiades, "so long as it squared with my own."

I was charmed by his frankness, but a little afraid of seeming ill-bred.

"I'm afraid," I said, "that you object to discussing your private affairs with a stranger."

"Why so?" said Alcibiades, smiling; "I rather like it. In Athens my extravagance and success, and my—eh—*bonnes fortunes* were quite town talk. I talked with the best. You would hardly think me shy if you had read my speeches in Thucydides."

"Why, I have read them," I said, "and I'm glad to be able to ask you how far they are genuine. Did you and Nicias really say what Thucydides attributes to you?"

Alcibiades smiled—

"As a politician, I cannot reply. I know, of course, what Nicias really said, and what I really said; but I make it a rule never to preserve more than a vague general impression of any political utterances, whether made by me or made to me."

"At any rate," I said, "there can be no doubt that you could have saved your country, and that, instead of that, you chose to bring her to the verge of ruin. You abandoned the Democrats, her friends, and joined the Lacedæmonians, Aristocrats pledged to her ruin. To cover your private disgrace, you stabbed Athens to the heart, and you chose to deal the blow at a moment when the success for which you had striven was well-nigh won."

"Yes," said Alcibiades, meditatively, "it is as you say. If I had remained at the head of the Sicilian expedition we should have restored Imperial Athens. Nicias would have supplied the ripe wisdom of age, I the energy of vigorous manhood. You forget, however, that I got my *congé*. My enemies made political capital out of that little business about the Hermæ. It was a pretty outburst of priestcraft and superstition."

"Inexplicable," said I, "to a Protestant Englishman."

"Really!" said Alcibiades, incredulously; "have you no moral laws binding on public men?"

"Why, yes," said I, a little staggered; "we have ten. Only one, however, is practically binding. I begin to understand. But why did you mutilate the Hermæ?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Dulce est desipere in loco.* That's a phrase I have learned from my friend Horace in the Elysian fields."

"Exactly," said I; "*in loco.*"

"You will admit, then," said Alcibiades, "that I could not act otherwise without betraying the purpose of my life and sinking into political insignificance. I therefore joined the Lacedæmonians, and my speech in their Assembly on the true patriot is well worth reading. They had learned from Socrates that the man best able to save his country is also best able to ruin it; so they received me gladly, and made no allusion to the Plan of Campaign in Argos and Mantineia. As for the Athenians, only one man kept his head. That was Aristophanes, the buffoon, who advised them to buy me at my own price. And now I want you to write to the *Times* and explain all this."

"Is it not a little late in the day?" said I, with some hesitation. "I might send an article to a future number of some review."

"You must write to the *Times*," he repeated, "and it must be now or never."

He poked the fire fiercely as he spoke and stirred it into a blaze. I started as the light fell on his face. Surely the features were less statuesque, the beard sandier and more ragged. Was it only my overcoat which disguised the grace of his figure? How the dirt of Bloomsbury had soiled his legs and feet. They looked quite black below his overcoat as he still stretched them out to the blaze.

"Yes," said I, half to him, half to myself, "able as you were to play off Aristocrats against Democrats——"

"In plain English, Salisbury against Gladstone," said the man in the overcoat. His accent, though not quite English, was certainly not Greek.

"And goaded, as you were, by the vehemence of outraged Greek feeling——" I continued.

"Outraged fiddlesticks!" he shouted. "What do I care for outraged Greek feeling?"

"Aristophanes was probably right," said I, determined to finish my sentence, "in advising your unfortunate country to buy you at your own price."

He sprang to his feet. What he said does not matter. It was rich in redundant adjectives, and contained a Categorical Imperative. *Punch*, which he seemed to confuse with Aristophanes, was in the fire.

It was really very unfortunate. I recognised him now and regretted my mistake. He certainly was not Alcibiades.

Nor was it my overcoat which he wore. Perhaps the Psychical Research Society will be able to inform me of the whereabouts of my own.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NECESSITY OF HOME RULE.

SIR,—It is necessary to grant Home Rule to Ireland, not only because it is just to do so, but because it will be found practically impossible to maintain a permanent Parliamentary majority, opposed to that concession, having sufficient force to carry on the business of the nation. Exceptional circumstances have enabled this to be done, although with indifferent success, during the past four years. Ireland is governed by Dublin Castle, but the official hierarchy known by that name would be paralysed if deprived of Parliamentary support, and that support is certain to be withdrawn sooner or later through disgust and weariness. It has indeed been shown to be possible to administer the affairs of Ireland contrary to the will of her representatives, but this has been effected at the cost of great friction and loss of legislative power. Eighty-five members of a legislature cannot be systematically trampled on without damage to the House of Commons as an instrument of legislation, nor without detriment to the Constitution. The friction has been lessened through the circumstance that the Nationalists have had the countenance and support of a great English party. Mr. Gladstone's leadership of the Home Rule movement has also powerfully contributed to give it a moderate and constitutional character. Owing to these causes, the Nationalists have become for the time almost merged in the Liberal party. But how great an obstructive force they could exercise would be seen at once if Home Rule were dropped, as has been foolishly suggested, from the Liberal programme, and if a Radical Unionist Ministry came into office. The events of 1880–85 would then be repeated with greater intensity. It would be found impossible to carry out the Radical programme, owing to support given by the Irish benches to the Tory Opposition. As the spirit of faction is less amongst Liberals than amongst Tories, the practical conclusion probably would be that Unionist policy implies the permanence in office of Toryism, which would be a sufficient *reductio ad absurdum* of Unionism.

However, there are some Unionists, more rational in their ideas, who deny the irreconcilable character of Irish Nationalism. They tell us that there are many constituencies that can be won over by legislative boons and by the concession of local government. If this expectation were realised, the problem would be simplified. The question therefore is, whether Home Rule is the only panacea. That such is the case appears from the following considerations.

Suppose that Local Government be conceded to Ireland, the measure would be inadequate indeed if it did not include District Councils, and if all important heads of administration—including sanitation, poor-law, education, and a civil force of police—were not placed under the county or district authority. But this county or district authority would itself have to be placed under a central authority, which should have power to regulate its proceedings, and in some cases overrule its decisions. There is no authority at present existing in Ireland to which County or District Councils could properly be subordinated. The only central authority is the official ring at Dublin Castle, the members of which are all subject to the will of the Chief Secretary, whose power in turn rests on a Parliamentary majority at Westminster. We shall not conciliate Ireland by maintaining this system. Supposing that this decision of a local body be overruled at Dublin Castle—that is, by the Chief Secretary—he would have to justify himself only before British and not before Irish opinion, whilst his action, if complained of, would certainly be upheld by a party vote in Parliament. No place can be imagined less fitting for the ventilation of an Irish grievance than the impatient, overworked, and bored British Legislature. What a farce it would be for an Irish County Council to promote or to oppose a local Bill in the Imperial Parliament! Such a proceeding would involve the maximum of circumlocution and of expense, and would serve to bring before the mind of each Irishman the necessity for a central authority that should be at once Irish and representative. Their appeal in matters of local interest would then no longer be to a Legislature three hundred miles distant, composed of men unacquainted with Irish wants and unsympathetic with them. The present split in the Nationalist party does not affect the applicability of my argument. The fact that Irishmen are not agreed as to Mr. Parnell's merits or demerits does not make it more easy, but rather less so, for the British Legislature to direct the domestic concerns of Ireland.—Faithfully yours,

COUNTRY LIBERAL.

Corsham, Wilts, December 29th, 1890.

GENERAL BOOTH'S SCHEME.

SIR,—May I offer an explanation of some, at least, among the attacks upon "Darkest England," more favourable to the motives of the critics than that suggested by the writer of the article, "Professor Huxley as Titus Oates," in your issue of to-day?

There has long existed, and exists, such a thing as a passionate enthusiasm for the cause of the poor, combined with definite convictions, not only as to what will do them good, but as to what must do them harm. I cannot expect you to give me space to discuss these convictions and their foundation in experience; nor, if you were to do so, could I say anything that has not been better said by others many times over. I only desire to point out that when we see the public following a leader, whom we believe to be blind, in a course which must, as we think, cause distress and degradation in direct ratio to the scale on which it is adopted, it is not necessary to go far afield in searching for a motive which makes us censure that course distinctly and persistently. We think that those whom we care for are in danger; and the more we care for them, the harder we shall fight against the dangerous elements of the scheme.

So far as I am concerned, not all its parts seem to me to come under this category. With Mr. Loch, I approve the inebriates' homes and a careful experiment in the way of a Farm-Colony. It is within my own knowledge that the Inquiry Office is of use. The Poor Man's Lawyer is an excellent idea, although it would need extreme discretion in working. I do not sympathise with Professor Huxley in his dread of the religious tendencies of the Army. Enlightenment can nowadays take care of itself.

This explanation appeared due, not in the least because my personal opinion could be thought valuable, but to dispel the notion that opposition to the wholesale and indiscriminate methods set out in "Darkest England" must arise from unconsidering prejudice. I believe that working locally, individually, and on common-sense lines, which are not at all incompatible with religious fervour, the Salvation Army might, through its hosts of wage-earning members, do a work which could be done by no other philanthropic agency in the world. It is on this local and individual work that the scheme of "Darkest England" summons them to turn their backs, in order to enter the oft trodden and fatal path of wholesale operation through "a great machine." And all who care for the better organisation of unskilled labour, and for the industrial independence of the wage-earning class, must necessarily show fight to a plan which seems to them an absolute barrier both to one and to the other.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

BERNARD BOSANQUET.

7, Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea, Saturday, January 3rd.

THE NEW PLYMOUTH BROTHER.

["MR. PARNELL had been for the last twelve years the ablest, strongest, most statesmanlike, and most reasonable leader the Irish Party had ever had in the House of Commons, and there was no doubt that so long as Mr. Parnell lived he would be in the front rank of Irish politics. . . . Mr. Parnell was a ruler of men."—*Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., at Plymouth, January 5th.*]

'TIS the tale of a cock, and a bull who has spoken:
Locutus est bos, with Sir Edward as bull.
Our cause is destroyed, we are routed and broken
On account of a black sheep who damaged his wool.
But Sir Edward declares, with the voice of a judge,
That to scoff at a black sheep, when damaged, is fudge.

"Twelve years," says Sir E., "have I loved him and feared him,
This pattern of statesmen, this ruler of men.
He is down 'mid the jeers of the crowd who revered him,
But I'll wager my fees that he'll lead them again.
He'll be up in the saddle and ride a-cock-horse,
Our pet and our pride who is purged by Divorce.

"I feared him, I know: but I loved while I trembled;
And, since prudence and love should go always in pairs,
I proved all the passion that prudence dissembled
By advising my leaders to kick him downstairs.
But now that he aids us and spites Mr. G.,
Let him know he can count on the love of Sir E.

"Let the fools who rebuke us for cynical banter
Know that Sin isn't Sin that makes Salisbury strong;
So we all bet on Parnell to win in a canter,
With the cant of the cynics to help him along;
There's only one in it—a thousand to ten
On the Tory-pet Parnell, that leader of men."

* * * * * *

So here is the point of this popular story—
If a man falls from honour, the cynics rejoice,
And he who in future wants praise from a Tory
Should break a commandment—the seventh for choice.
He'll be fêted in mansions and loved in the pubs,
Be the gentlemen's joy and the pride of the clubs.

And when at the Carlton the faces grow dismal,
  And the prospects of those that love bludgeons are dark,
They will think, with a joy that is almost abysmal,
  Of the creed of the cynic declared by a Clarke.
"And of that," says Sir Edward, "I give you the pith:
'You may do what you like, if you help Mr. Smith.'"

MR. BALFOUR APPEALS.

I READ *The Times* the other day;
  'Tis that which sets me thinking
Of certain sailors cast away,
  And very near to sinking.
They could not pray; they could not read;
  But acting in the right direction,
They took the next step to the creed,
  And did their best—a small collection.
  All of which sets me thinking.

I read the sneers—a trifle stale;
  Mayhap they set me thinking,
An older with this modern tale
  Inextricably linking—
Of one who did not love the poor
  With him whose motives must be better;
And yet of love there's little more
  Shown in the wording of his letter.
  All of which sets me thinking.

I read the Royal Irish make—
  A fact which sets me thinking—
One channel for our gift to take
  To peasants from them shrinking.
Crowned with potato-leaves, they'll fly
  On mercy's task, dissension's healers,
And win the people's eulogy
  On them, the gr-at potato-peelers.
  All of which sets me thinking.

And yet the Irish poor are poor,
  Wretched beyond our thinking;
Whoever calls, the need is sore;
  Fact's fact, and won't stand blinking.
Leaving a Tory press to mix
  And muddle principle and person,
Give, and forget the politics
  Of him I make my casual verse on,
  Because I can't help thinking.

B. E. O. P.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, January 9th, 1891.

GOOD news for printers comes from America. General Spinner is dead. He is reported to have written "the worst hand in the universe"; but, of course, his pre-eminence in evil is difficult to ascertain. The compositors of THE SPEAKER (to whom I offer a respectful apology) may doubt whether General Spinner wrote a worse hand than that which they are at this moment endeavouring to decipher. Writing a legible hand has always been, as the Old Prophet said of Knur and Spell, "a link too many for me." The fault, I think, lies with the alphabet, and our style of *Schrift*. But then it is just as hard to write a decent hand in Greek, or harder. I fancy one could manage hieroglyphs, or picture-writing, moderately well; and it would be a pleasure to write in Arabic, a writing like scimitar blades. Ogham is easy and simple, if one has a squared stone and a chisel; but Ogham would make cumbrous copy. One cannot imagine our authors being playful in Ogham. Our own *Schrift* demands too much skill on the outside edge. The letter *s* is a difficulty which one can never vanquish. It dwindles down into an *i* with no dot. Then our *m's, n's, u's, i's* all run into each other. Printers always turn *n's* into *u's*, and *u's* into *n's* in French words and proper names. They never print Baudelaire, always Bandelaire. Pens, too, are very bad. Most pens only begin to mark in the second stroke, and one is obliged to go back and make the first stroke over again. Most paper is too rough, and writing on it is like skating on rough ice. The wonder is that so many people write good hands. Almost all men in examinations manage to be legible. Begging-letter writers have beautiful hands, though they are believed to be far from temperate men. The nerves must have much to do with legible and beautiful writing; yet persons who took no care of their nerves, like Edgar Poe, have been masters of the most beautiful and legible manuscript. Dean Stanley was all unlike Poe, but his hand is well known to have driven printers wild. Among contemporary men of letters the worst hand looks lovely and facile, but it is impossible. The novelist who writes the worst hand makes no pretence to be legible; so the mind is applied with energy from the first, and, very often, with a microscope and a little ingenuity, you can make out what he is driving at. Even the authors of amateur novels usually write legible hands, which is more than some of their successful rivals can do. Writing well cannot be taught, probably; it comes by nature, and, to a certain number of us, it never comes at all. They fly to type-writing machines, which are the despair of style; or to dictation, which is worse.

Does any geographer know where "the Sea of Algues" is? It sounds as if it laved the coasts of Aigues-Mortes. This ocean—the Sea of Algues—is mentioned in the always entertaining columns of the Old Saloon, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The critic is reviewing Dr. Ebers's "Joshua," apparently without quite appreciating the unconscious humour of the learned German, who calls Miriam "a young girl" when she was at least sixty-five. For she was older than Moses, and he was the contemporary of Meneptah, and *he* was an aged monarch at the time of the Exodus, in spite of a recent unauthorised version of that occurrence from the Egyptian point of view. However, it is in a fragment of translation from Gautier's "Roman d'une Momie" (not "de la Momie"), that Mr. Ebony's critic mentions "the Sea of Algues." Careful reflection leads me to conjecture that the reviewer means "the Sea of Weeds," an Egyptian name for what we call the Red Sea. Herein, according to the translator, "one could behold the marine monsters writhing in terror at being surprised by the daylight let into their mysterious haunts." "Then took place a wonder" indeed, as the translator makes Théophile remark. For it is extremely difficult to render French prose into English without leaving the French idioms, like the marine monsters, "writhing in terror," visibly before the naked eye. Mr. Swinburne, in a note to his study of Shakespeare, a translation from Baudelaire, has given an example of how French should be done into English, but perhaps, of all French, Gautier's most rebels against the English translator.

What a queer affair is life, in M. Paul Bourget's *Psychologie de l'Amour Moderne!* Existence there is a mere matter of making love, never *pour le bon motif*, never by a man to a maid, but always to a matron, or a lady, like Penelope, "of many wooers." People in M. Bourget's work prosecute this business into extreme old age—over forty; and when they are not making love, they are making aphorisms about it. They are always "dreaming like a love adept;" and their conclusion is this: "The dream of a love is for a man to be faithless to a faithful mistress." Love's middle-aged dream, at this end of the century is lamentably unromantic.

Is there really a world of readers, and are there tens of thousands of purchasers, for this dismal

wisdom? Love is the child of idleness and fulness of bread; and perhaps, if there is not too much bread in Paris, there is too much idleness. An Englishman, as M. Bourget observes, is "comparatively chaste," because when he is idle he has other resources in fishing, shooting, hunting, and the blameless though maddening pursuit of golf-balls into "the devious coverts of dismay," as Mr. Rossetti says—meaning whins, probably.

Mr. Stevenson's "Ballads," like the sip of milk-and-water offered by Mr. Squeers to his pupils, are just enough to make us wish for more in prose. Not that the ballads are milk-and-watery; the milk, if milk there be, is of the right cocoanut. But Mr. Stevenson must by this time have amassed wonderful treasures of story, and romance, and tradition, of white, brown, and black peoples in the isles of the Southern seas. These treasures are what we long for, set out in Mr. Stevenson's prose.

The people, whether beach-combers or natives, are in the Viking stage of existence—warlike, piratical, poetical, and full of legends and memories. These have often been collected and narrated; only once by a man with real imagination and vigour of style—the Pakeha Maori, author of "Old New Zealand." In other cases the tales are only told by folk-lorists, whose business it is to report what they hear, not to add—as Mr. Stevenson is certain to add—the charm of style and of sympathetic criticism. Travellers are usually very bad writers; we seldom meet a traveller who is witty, like Regnard among the Lapps; seldom with a traveller who is poetical, and learned. Had Mr. Stevenson accompanied Mr. Stanley, our knowledge of the Pigmies would be richer and more diverting than what Mr. Stanley tells us, though probably he can, and perhaps will, tell us a great deal more.

An ingenious lady, Miss Millard, of Mulberry House, Teddington, has invented, or adopted, a new industry—hunting for out-of-the-way books. Of course booksellers do this; but Miss Millard, who publishes an amusing catalogue called *The Amateur Trader*, seems to carry a fine instinct into her practice of the sport.

A New York editor sent a challenge to find a rare book which he had sought for ten years, and this lady discovered it in a month. Some people have "serendipity," as Horace Walpole calls it, and no sooner want a rare book than they light on it, cheap, at a stall. If Miss Millard can find the three volumes of Shakespeare edited by Sir Walter Scott, and lost at the time of Constable's *Krach* (according to the Memoirs of Archibald Constable), she can find anything.

The following extract from *The Amateur Trader* is amusing, though, perhaps, the historical bugle is rather expensive:—

> The Battle of Waterloo. The veritable real bugle on which the call was blown (by William Funnell) to charge on Sunday, 18th June, 1815, the day of the famous Battle of Waterloo, *where, greatly outnumbered by the foe*, our gallant men, under the Duke of Wellington, resisted their various attacks from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon; then the fray ended with immense carnage and the total rout of the enemy, followed by *the flight of the once mighty Napoleon* and his abdication of the throne of France; all possibly in no small degree owing to the enthusiasm and ardour evoked by the martial and soul-stirring call blown on this identical bugle.
>
> "One blast upon his bugle horn
> Were worth a thousand men."
>
> Twenty guineas.

That dread horn should surely be in a military museum. It is probably more authentic than a snuff-box of Burns's which I saw lately, for the snuff-box was decorated, in low relief, with a copy of the design on Burns's monument. Andrew Lang.

REVIEWS.

PHILIP HENRY GOSSE.

The Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., by his Son, Edmund Gosse. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

THIS is a notable piece of biography. To be sure, it was undertaken with many omens of success. The subject is a striking and singular man: the writer is no amateur, but a skilful literary workman, gifted with a sense of form, and practised in the arts which satisfy it. And as a guarantee against that special danger of professional work, perfunctory execution, we have a third fortunate circumstance, the relationship of hero and biographer.

The omens are fulfilled in the volume before us. Mr. Gosse's judgment and sense of proportion have been inspired, without being confused, by his natural enthusiasm: and the result is a candid and balanced story, which charms from beginning to end, and constrains the reader not only to share the writer's interest and adopt his view, but to do so without any consciousness of being tricked. It is rare indeed to come across a book at once so full of feeling, so artistically conceived, and yet so transparently honest. It may be granted that Philip Henry Gosse was a strong man, bold of outline, unconventional, easily portrayed. Ardent almost to childishness in his pursuit of science, he was in religious matters a rigid Puritan. At the age of twenty-five he bought, without an attempt at thorough investigation, an undesirable farm in Lower Canada, simply because of the profusion of butterflies upon it. "I felt and acted," he wrote long afterwards, "as if butterfly-catching had been the one great business in life." And yet, when growing science came to blows with religion, he took sides against science without a second's hesitation. He hardly even dreamt of "reconciling" the two, as the expression is. "He had no notion," says his son, "of striking a happy mean between his impressions of nature and his convictions of religion. If the former offered any opposition to the latter, they were swept away. The rising tide is 'reconciled' in the same fashion to a child's battlements of sand along the shore." Nevertheless, Gosse did make one bold attempt to justify the Mosaic record of creation against the geologists; and, oddly enough, this man, whom no amount of reasoning or torture could have shaken from his belief in the literal accuracy of the earlier chapters of Genesis, chose to defend that belief by one of the most Jesuitical hypotheses ever put into a scientific book. The theory of "Omphalos: an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot," may be briefly put as follows:—Life is a circle, of no one point in which it can be said "here is the beginning." Every living thing comes from an egg or seed, which must come in its turn from some previous living thing, and so back to infinity. Creation, therefore, must mean the sudden bursting into the circle; and its first phenomena, produced full-grown by the will of God, would bear signs of a previous existence which had never been. For instance, the first man would have a navel, the first brute would be created with teeth worn away by food which it had never taken, the first tree would display the marks of fallen leaves and sloughed bark; and, in the same way, Gosse argues, the strata with their buried fossils would be produced *in that form* by God at the moment of creation, indicating a series of pre-existent ages and forms of life which had really never existed at all. The answer to this was, of course, "You are making God out to be a liar, *Deus quidam deceptor:* you accuse Him of practising a conscious fraud and creating fossils 'on purpose to set a trap for the naughty geologists:'" and this is the criticism advanced in a kindly letter from Charles Kingsley to the author—a letter which Mr. Gosse quotes at length. "Omphalos" was a failure, and there is no doubt that it dismally injured the

reputation of its writer, who for once had been tempted to desert the sphere of observation in which he excelled, and adventure into that of speculation for which his training, habits of mind, and intense prejudices were the poorest equipment.

His life, though (with the exception of a passage or two) not adventurous, was singular in many respects: and Mr. Gosse, in telling its history, displays that enviable power of clothing small events with the interest they must have worn for the actors themselves, which is the triumph alike of the biographer and the novelist. Philip Henry Gosse was born in 1810, the son of a strolling, middle-aged, irresponsible miniature painter, and a sensible wife who must have found it hard to understand why she married. After the birth, which took place at Worcester, the family migrated to Coventry, thence to Leicester, thence to Poole, in Dorsetshire, where they settled in 1812. The tolerable paintings of the gentle but nomadic husband did not greatly enrich the family; and the wife let some of her rooms as lodgings to a couple of ladies who practised the art of "Oriental tinting." The family struggled up amid the sights and sounds of the busy little harbour, the local colour of which is admirably preserved by Mr. Gosse in the background of his first chapter. Philip gathered scraps of knowledge at the "dame-schools" of "Ma'am Sly" and "Ma'am Drew," and at the age of eight attended the more advanced academy of one Charles Sells. Of these three schools he has left an amusing account, which appeared, not so long ago, in the form of a magazine article. Later, he was sent for a short time to the well-known school at Blandford, where he had mastered some Latin and was beginning Greek when circumstances forced him to enter a merchant's office at Poole. The love of nature was already awake within him, and indeed from the very first he seems to have been unable to resist a butterfly: but otherwise he is drawn as a quiet boy, fond of poetry, and especially of Byron, shy in manner, and unsophisticated to a remarkable degree.

In 1827 he left Poole and sailed for Newfoundland, where he spent eight years in the counting-house of a Mr. Elson, at Carbonear. It must be admitted that here, again, Mr. Gosse's success is astonishing. By no long descriptions or digressions, we are conveyed into a country not less remarkable at that time for its inhabitants than for its scenery, and breathe its very atmosphere without effort, as the tale goes on. It is only when examining the work critically that we grow aware of the sureness of touch and the fine moderation of these two chapters. At first reading the tale seems artlessness itself. It was at Carbonear that Gosse grew into a man and developed the two main features of his character—his passionate love of scientific observation and his intense religious convictions—convictions no less narrow than deep. The growth of his devotion to science is carefully traced: that of his religious fervour is sufficiently unusual to be told in his own words. He was starting for home, in 1832, on his first holiday. News had reached him that his only sister, Elizabeth, was dangerously ill, and the anticipation of her death worked on his mind. He says:—

> "My prominent thought in this crisis was legal. I wanted the Almighty to be my Friend; to go to Him in my need. I knew He required me to be holy. He had said, 'My son, give Me thy heart.' I closed with Him, not hypocritically, but sincerely; intending henceforth to live a new, a holy life; to please and serve God. I knew nothing of my own weakness, or of the power of sin. I cannot say that I was born again as yet; but a work was commenced which was preparatory to, and which culminated in, regeneration. I came at once to God, with much confidence, as a hearer of prayer, and He graciously honoured my faith, imperfect as it was."

In 1835, Gosse left Newfoundland with a Mr. and Mrs. Jaques, warm friends of his, and took the unfortunate farm in Canada to which we have already made allusion. In the winter of that year he began to write "The Entomology of Newfoundland," a volume that exists only in MS. Then he wandered up and down America, fighting poverty and observing nature; keeping school at last in Alabama, where he fell ill, and returned to England in 1839. On the voyage he worked hard at his book, the "Canadian Naturalist," and contrived to finish it just before the ship entered the Mersey. His affairs were at their lowest ebb when he found a publisher in Mr. Van Voorst; and then followed a long series of papers and popular works with an energy that is almost terrifying. Their names alone would fill up this review, and the value of his writings and researches—particularly his "Birds of Jamaica," his microscopic studies of the *Rotifera*, and his *magnum opus* on British zoophytes, the "Actinologia Britannica," finished in June, 1859—is admitted. In 1864 he laid down his pen and lived the twenty-four years that were left to him in extreme retirement at St. Marychurch, close to Torquay. Other scientific inquirers were busy at his very door; but their discoveries concerned him not. Darwin's hypotheses were taking hold of the world; but Gosse, who had often aided Darwin in observation, would have none of them. He belonged to another generation; he had studied nature zealously and eagerly, but, finding that the only result of it was the embarrassment of religion, he cast aside his enthusiasm "as a very little thing," and turned his back on his darling pursuits. It was not that he hated them. Rather, they had ceased to interest him. It is a pathetic story.

And his son has told it unflinchingly and well, not without a particular charm in the more personal passages. The piously tender description of those expeditions along the Devonshire shore, where father and son hunted together for uncommon objects of the sea-shore (pp. 285–289), is an example of this charm: there is another on p. 223. Mr. Gosse has written a book which will not, indeed, be the talk of a season, nor extravagantly popular in the "libraries," but is, none the less, a considerable literary feat and a noteworthy addition to English biography. The book is fortunate in its subject, and its subject fitly honoured by the book.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN *IMPRESARIO*.

The Light of other Days. By Willert Beale. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

Mr. Willert Beale acted as *impresario* of one of the most important operatic establishments in the world at an age when, from his published compositions, one would have supposed him to be occupied, not with musical direction, but with musical studies. His father, Mr. Frederick Beale, representing the famous publishing firm of Cramer, Beale & Co., was the first manager of the Royal Italian Opera; but the enterprise was conducted in so costly a fashion, and suffered so much from the competition of the rival house, which it had been started to oppose, that Mr. Frederick Beale's fortunes were at one time in a precarious condition. Much had been sunk in the new undertaking, and much promised, which, when required, was not forthcoming. Then it was that Mr. Willert Beale came to the assistance of his father; now, in his father's absence, directing the Royal Italian Opera; now, with his father in charge of Covent Garden pursuing to various parts of the Continent reputed capitalists, who, most of their money having fled, had afterwards themselves taken flight. Mr. Frederick Beale's connection with Covent Garden was of no long duration. He was followed by Mr. Delafield, who was to show the world, through the reports of the Bankruptcy Court, how quickly a hundred thousand pounds may be got rid of, when the owner takes to speculating in racehorses and *prime donne*. To Mr. Delafield succeeded Mr. Frederick Gye. But Mr. Willert Beale had now ceased all relations with the Royal Italian Opera, which did not, however, prevent him from taking a keen interest in the vocalists engaged at that establishment. He became an *impresario* on his own account; and among the chief members of his company were Grisi and Mario, who sang for him chiefly in the

provinces, during the long period of each year when the Royal Italian Opera remained closed.

No musical historian can be said to have known these admirable vocalists as Mr. Willert Beale knew them; travelling with them, seeing them constantly in private life, and observing them when they were studying their favourite parts. Grisi was no musician, but she possessed the two great requisites of voice and ear. Mario knew but little of music, nor does he seem at any time to have made an assiduous study of the art of singing. The son of Count di Candia, for some time Governor of Nice, Mario di Candia (or simply "Mario," as he called himself throughout his operatic career), began life as an officer in the Sardinian army, and when, after a violent quarrel, he left the Piedmontese service to avoid military arrest, he seems never to have taken singing lessons; though Meyerbeer taught him, with great care, the part of Raymond in *Robert le Diable*, in which, at the Grand Opera of Paris, he made his first appearance on the stage. Mr. Willert Beale confines himself to his own knowledge of Mario, as derived from personal contact with him and from Mario's own statements. But it is a fact that after his retirement from the stage, when he was living at Rome as curator of an art museum, the great singer began to study musical theory, anxious at last to understand what he had for many years practised in perfection. Few vocalists have been more written about than Mario and Grisi—the Rose and the Nightingale of Heine's "Parisian Letters." But they have been dealt with, for the most part, either critically or as subjects of rhapsodies and poems. Mr. Willert Beale shows them to us with their habits as they lived; and the picture of their thoroughly domestic and truly affectionate life is very interesting.

When poor Mario—at St. Petersburg—was informed, with all possible precautions, by the Emperor, that there was bad news from Berlin, where Madame Grisi was known to have fallen ill, he begged the kind-hearted Alexander II. not to tell him that she was dead. "*Ne me dites pas qu'elle est morte!*" he cried; and, hurrying to the station, he made the journey to the Prussian capital without knowing, as an absolute certainty, whether Grisi was dead or not.

If Mario and Grisi stand out from among the other operatic vocalists of whose singings and doings Mr. Willert Beale has so much to tell us, that is owing partly to their own eminence, partly also to the particular friendship with which they inspired him.

Before taking leave of Mario we may mention that among the first of his admirers was Byron, who had seen him and his sister somewhere in Italy when they were children, and spoke of them as "black-eyed angels."

Apart from singers Mr. Willert Beale had much to do with lectures. He it was who introduced on the platform Dr. W. H. Russell, then fresh from the Crimea; and Thackeray, who having reached the height of his literary reputation, was anxious to make a little money. Mr. Willert Beale's experiences with the two men of letters were strangely different. Dr. W. H. Russell, regarding his course of lectures as a failure, and feeling sure that Mr. Willert Beale would lose heavily by the advantageous terms he had offered him, tore up the contract; which, however, was replaced by another, destined in the end to prove even more lucrative than the first. Thackeray's lectures were not, in the first instance, successful. But the great novelist stood out for his terms to such a point that when Mr. Willert Beale paid him only pounds he promptly claimed his stipulated guineas, saying that it was not his affair if the speculation proved unremunerative.

Mr. Willert Beale says little about himself except in the character of *impresario*; though in his vigorous youth he enjoyed popularity as a composer, and wrote at least one dramatic *scena* (on the favourite lyrical subject of Rizzio and Mary Queen of Scots), which, clever and interesting in itself, gave promise of higher things. Painting seems of late years to have interested him more than anything else; and he has the support of Mr. Frith and other well-known painters—to say nothing of sculptors, musicians, and writers—towards the establishment of an art college, which he proposes to found in the neighbourhood of London; far enough from it to place the students beyond its distractions, but not far enough to deprive them of the advantage of constant visits from London professors. Sydenham is the locality which Mr. Beale has specially in view; and it may be that, side by side with the Crystal Palace, a Palace of Art in the comprehensive sense of the word will some day be raised, where the young musician will have the privilege of seeing how painting is taught, and where the young painter will be enabled to recruit himself from time to time by listening to the performances of those of his fellow-students for whom melody and harmony have greater attractions than form and colour. Literature will, of course, be cultivated. Painters have in many cases shown good literary tendencies; and the days are happily passed in which it could be said of the typical votary of the musical art, "*le musicien lit peu.*" The musician of the present day reads at least the criticisms called forth by his own compositions and performance; which (let us hope) is an education in itself.

Whether success will or will not attend Mr. Willert Beale's College of Art—for which, as has been seen, he has secured valuable promises of co-operation—he must already be thanked for two volumes which may be regarded as a monument of a well-spent artistic life.

THE FIRST CIRCUMNAVIGATOR.

THE LIFE OF FERDINAND MAGELLAN, AND THE FIRST CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE GLOBE. By F. H. H. Guillemard, M.A., M.D. (The World's Great Explorers and Explorations Series.) London: George Philip & Son. 1890.

MAGELLAN is a name to conjure with, and the more so as it is involved in a certain haze which even the best instructed students have not been able to penetrate, and which to the vulgar is dense indeed. To these it is a name and nothing more; sometimes barely so much. To the common seaman, the dark patches in the southern sky, frequently known as "the coal sacks," and, more scientifically, as "the Magellanic clouds," become "the Imaginal clouds;" and the memory of the great navigator lives only in the straits which he, first of men, sailed through. Surely it was with prophetic reference to him that the poet wrote—

> "Illi robur et aes triplex
> Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
> Commisit pelago ratem
> Primus, nec timuit . . . . . rabiem Noti."

We owe, then, a debt of gratitude to Dr. Guillemard for this very interesting history of Magellan and his great achievement. A popular book of the sort has long been wanted, and could scarcely have been entrusted to more capable hands. We might, indeed, if critically minded, take exception to the literary style, to the mosaic of foreign phrases and native slang worked into the English of the narrative. Why, for instance, should we be told that "the project of reaching the Spice Islands by the western route had been the *idée mère* of the great navigator's restless brain;" that the court of Spain was a hotbed of *brigue;*" or, with slight regard to grammar, "that the poop and forecastle of each ship was provided with high *obras muertas?*" Why should our ears be racked by such a sentence as "But one of the three [ships] was thus advantaged;" or such a monstrosity as "Juan de Cartagena captained the *S. Antonio?*" These, and such like, are blemishes which annoy the reader without any one compensating advantage.

But the work itself, as a sketch of the early

progress of navigation and maritime discovery, and above all, as a Life of Magellan, is clear, capable, and thoroughly good. This is not, of course, saying that we are prepared to accept all the author's conclusions. The history of Magellan's youth is obscure; and though Dr. Guillemard makes out a very plausible account of his hero's career in India, under Almeida and Albuquerque, it must be borne in mind that much of it is inductive, or supported by purely circumstantial evidence, which may not, in all cases, be considered conclusive. His account of the mutiny at Port St. Julian is, on the whole, very good, but it seems to us too apologetic in its tone. A man who would have hesitated about cutting down a mutineer would not have been the man for such achievements as Magellan's or as Francis Drake's; and the deed itself is in accordance with the rule of every military service, whether in the sixteenth or the nineteenth century.

The question whether Magellan was truly the discoverer of the straits, or whether he was merely the follower of some unknown predecessor, has been often discussed; and the answer to it must depend on the estimate which each one forms of the value of the pre-Magellanic maps. Dr. Guillemard states the case very fairly, and at considerable length, and concludes that "On the whole, the balance of evidence is in favour of a more or less inexact knowledge of the existence of some Antarctic break in the vast barrier which America opposed to a western passage." Others might read the evidence differently, and think that the early maps, on which Dr. Guillemard lays some stress, confuse guess-work with observation in an inextricable manner. For ourselves, we find it impossible to accept as reasonable proof of a former knowledge of the Straits of Magellan a map which shows a passage between the continent of South America and another continent, named "*Brasilia Inferior*," in about the latitude of 40 deg. S., which shows also a well-defined passage separating North from South America, in the neighbourhood of the attempted canal, and North America itself as only the largest of a group of islands, comprising Hispaniola, Cuba, and the isles of Japan, with open sea to the north.

One point which Dr. Guillemard brings out very clearly is that, notwithstanding the national jealousies and disputes which sprang out of the results of the circumnavigation, the Spaniards had very little to do with its success. Not only Magellan himself, but all the pilots and several of the captains of ships, were Portuguese; the gunners were Flemings or Italians, as, indeed, they continued to be in the Spanish navy. The great gun was long considered by the Spaniards a weapon unbecoming a gentleman and a soldier, and though America was discovered and the route to the Pacific traced under the Spanish flag, it was in spite of, rather than by the assistance of, Spanish officers or Spanish seamen.

A FLOWERY LAND.

THREE YEARS IN WESTERN CHINA. A Narrative of Three Journeys in Ssŭ-ch'uan, Kuei-chow, and Yunnan. By Alexander Hosie. London: George Philip & Son. 1890.

WE hear rumours occasionally of the decadence of British trade in the East, and of the imperative necessity which exists for providing new markets for the merchandise of Manchester and Sheffield. If this be so, the work before us furnishes news which will gladden the hearts of desponding merchants. According to the author, there is to be found behind the mountains which separate Eastern from Western China a region which is rich in goods for exportation, and greedy of imports. The inhabitants are wealthy, the soil is fertile, and the climate is enjoyable. But from all accounts this highly favoured land is like the bough richly loaded with delicious fruit, which was hung over the head and out of the reach of Tantalus. There it lies, but it is next to impossible to get at it. The only way of reaching it from Eastern China is by the river Yang-tzŭ, and that river runs for a hundred miles to the east of the desired region so disturbed a course that merchants may well hesitate to adventure valuable goods by so dangerous a route. The rapids to the westward of Ichang, the point of departure for Western China, are so studded with rocks and beset with eddies that the native crafts are towed up them only with infinite labour, and frequently suffer shipwreck and loss on the voyage. Mr. Hosie travelled over these troubled waters, and though he escaped serious damage he encountered the usual number of adventures by the way. As an illustration of the precipitous fall of the water over the rapids, he tells us that, having surmounted one, he turned to watch the downward-bound junks disappearing over it, and that they "seemed to be passing with their human freights into eternity."

But having arrived at Ch'ung-ch'ing his instinct for travel tempted him to make the expeditions through the provinces of Kuei-chow, Yunnan, and Ssŭ-ch'uan, which are described in the present work. On these journeys, though he suffered no such peril as that which he encountered on the Yang-tzŭ, he met with much discomfort and inconvenience. The inns at which he was compelled to lodge were phenomenal in their dirt and squalor, and fully justified the following lines which he found scrawled in Chinese on the walls of his bedroom:—

> "Within this room you'll find the rats
> At least a goodly score;
> Three catties each they're bound to weigh,
> Or e'en a little more.
> At night you'll find a myriad bugs,
> That sting and crawl and bite;
> If doubtful of the truth of this,
> Get up and strike a light."

But in spite of every obstacle, he completed the journeys which he had mapped out for himself, and in course of time he gathered much valuable information on the products of the country and the prospects of trade. The poppy he found growing everywhere, and the manufacture of opium forms a busy industry among the people. Being abundant and cheap, it is smoked by all sorts and conditions of men—and of women. But it is noticeable that among the well-fed and well-clothed people of Western China its effects are not nearly so deleterious as they are among the struggling populations of the Eastern provinces. Not content with gathering the juice from the skins of the capsules, the people extract a sweet cooking-oil from the seeds, and with the seeds themselves make cakes, which are much esteemed. Waste is abhorrent in the eyes of a Chinaman. There is nothing that he does not turn to account. Even the refuse from barbers' shops is used to enrich the soil, and in Western China a useful purpose is found for birds' feathers in preserving the crops which the soil is taught to yield. There being no hedges by the sides of the roads, the passing animals are apt to browse on the sprouting corn in the fields on either side, and as a remedy against this trespass the farmers scatter feathers among the crops, which prevent even the most hungry beasts from tasting the green blades.

The conversion of the inner bark of the *Bochmeria nivea* into grass-cloth, the extraction of salt from the wells, the manufacture of brick tea for consumption by the Tibetans, the preparation of white wax, and the cultivation of the soil, are among the more important industries of the people; while in Yunnan silver and copper are produced in such large quantities as to give employment to crowds of miners, and to yield large incomes to the official managers and directors. Unquestionably Mr. Hosie is right in believing that this part of the country offers a rich market for foreign trade, and we cordially agree with him in desiring to see an available route opened to it. Whether the Yang-tzŭ will ever be made to afford an easy access remains to be seen. At present the prospect is not promising, as the rapids in its course present almost as many

obstacles as the road from Bhamo to Yunnan Fu which has been pronounced on authority to be impracticable for all but mules and foot passengers. Other routes will doubtless be found in course of time. Meanwhile we have the curious spectacle of France, which has practically no commerce to serve, establishing, at a great expenditure of energy and money, a line of steamers up the Red River from Tonquin to Yunnan, while we, to whom, we are told, an extension of our Eastern trade is of vital importance, stand expectant by.

The physical features of the country through which the author travelled are as interesting as its products; and if Mr. Hosie's style of writing were only a little clearer than it is, his readers would be better able to appreciate the beauties of the scenery, and the strange vagaries of nature which he met with, than we fear his present work will enable them to do.

DEFENCE WORKS.

FORTIFICATION: its Past Achievements, Recent Development, and Future Progress. By Major G. Sydenham Clarke, C.M.G., Royal Engineers. London: Murray. 1890.

THIS work, although apparently intended by the author to be regarded as a homogeneous whole, is composed of two treatises, the first of which deals with permanent fortification generally, the second with permanent fortification applied to the defence of coasts. In the former, the author appears as a destroyer of the old faith and the preacher of a new gospel; he raises issues of a highly controversial character, and speaks not only dogmatically, but in a tone sometimes absolutely irritating. In the latter he puts aside theory, and, to a great extent, speculation, and, confining himself generally to the actual facts of military and naval science at the present time, is an expounder, clear, concise, and attractive, of the actual conditions under which coast warfare will now be carried on. The perusal of the first part is calculated to raise in many minds prejudice against the second; the reader is therefore recommended to begin with this at p. 149: moreover, the author's professional career gives to his views and opinions on coast defence a certain amount of weight, which hardly attaches to those he holds on permanent fortification in its other aspects.

The primary datum, the required standard for coast defences, Major Clarke tells us, can be determined only by responsible statesmen; it is a political rather than a naval and military matter, for it depends mainly on the relative naval strength of the Power to be defended and the Power, or combination of Powers, to be met. The necessary standard for a great naval Power differs widely from that of a nation weak in this respect and unable to command the approaches to its coast. When a general standard has been laid down, geographical considerations remain, in the varying distances of ports from the possible enemy's base. It would evidently be irrational to place the harbours of Australia on the same footing as Hong-Kong, or to create a Malta at Table Bay or Esquimalt. Later, it is pointed out that, although it is possible to conceive an extreme case in which the naval strength may be such as to render all coast defences superfluous, yet the existence of coast defences, even here, gives time for naval combinations, and, in this sense, reduces the number of ships which it would be necessary, in their absence, to maintain in given waters. It is for naval experts to determine, for each place, the probable strength of attack, the nature of vessels likely to be employed, the number and nature of guns needed, and the suitability of submarine mines to local conditions. Only when the above questions have been decided do the functions of the soldier begin. From the data the navy furnish him, he will be able to fix the necessary strength of the garrison, the best distribution of the guns, and the most suitable method of mounting them; and, finally, to design the necessary works, and lay down the organisation required to render them efficient for war. That many of our existing coast defences are obsolete there can be little doubt; this is due to the great change, clearly pointed out by Major Clarke, which has taken place in the character of the vessels they were constructed to keep at bay. The old wooden three-decker, with her many guns, could pour on a land battery a greater amount of projectiles than the few guns in that battery could return; or, to meet this deluge of shot and shell, large numbers of guns were arranged in tiers in the same battery. But now ships carry few guns, and comparatively few projectiles. The development of war-ships has been in a direction which reduces their gun-power, when compared to the gun-power which can be provided even in a small coast battery. Aided by the position-finder, the shore gun in a battery—almost, if not quite, invisible from the ship, and firing from a steady carriage—has certainly the advantage over the gun afloat in every form of its employment. Major Clarke is at his best when treating on these parts of his subject. Strongly, and we think rightly, he also protests against the use of machinery for working heavy guns in shore batteries.

Ships labour also under another defect in their encounters with shore batteries. They are armoured against the direct fire from other ships, the only kind of fire to which they are exposed from them. But from coast batteries they will be assailed with high-angle fire as well, the projectiles falling on the weak decks. As to the protection of the shore batteries against attacks by landing parties, there may be some diversity of opinion: and experts may, perhaps, consider the exact form of defence advocated by Major Clarke, "dispersed batteries or *emplacements*, either provided with comparatively slight gorge defence, or protected by a field or provisional redoubt commanding these dispersed *emplacements*," as insufficient. Moreover, the typical defence advocated by Major Clarke may not be applicable to all cases and all sites; but the general views and principles put forward are sound, and certainly will help to prevent useless expenditure on stone or iron, and on the introduction of unnecessary mechanical contrivances for the working of the guns. Coast defences necessarily become obsolete a few years after their construction, owing to the changes in ships of war and the artillery they carry, and to the end of time this must be the case.

With regard to Part I., the best plan will be to state at once what it is that the arguments adduced, the instances of siege warfare quoted, and the satirical remarks indulged in on anything or anybody that stands opposed to Major Clarke's views, are intended to lead up to. To most minds, the word "fortress" implies a town or arsenal surrounded by a parapet and ditch technically termed an *enceinte*, which secure it against surprise or a *coup-de-main*; and beyond these, in order to keep the besiegers at a distance, a kind of ring of detached works, each also secured from assault by ditch and parapet, and strong enough to necessitate a siege before it can be taken. A town thus provided with strong material obstacles to the progress of besiegers, can, even with few and inferior troops, hold out for some time. The besieger cannot get through the material barrier without certain appliances which a field army usually does not carry with it on a campaign: and even if it does not attack, but simply invests, the fortress, its employment elsewhere is prevented, and time, so necessary for national defence, is gained. Now Major Clarke would, in the first place, abolish the *enceinte*, and, for the detached forts, substitute as the basis of the defence

"redoubts designed for infantry and machine guns, supported by a powerful artillery kept altogether outside of them, and supplemented by a field force for carrying on the outpost duties, and manning field defences guarding the intervals. A line of steady troops covered by a parapet, protected by such an obstacle under its fire as a sunk iron fence and a broad belt of entanglement, and amply supplied with ammunition, is now unattackable by direct assault." At p. 109 we are told—"Organisation, capable commanders, efficient armaments,

adequate supplies, matured preparations, well-arranged communications—these things constitute the essence of the defence; these determine the resisting power of land fortification."

This is quite true, but it is not the whole truth. When the Germans arrived before Paris on the 19th of September, 1870, there was, on the French side, hardly a vestige of the existence of any one of these requirements, but in lieu of them were the material obstacles of the forts and the *enceinte;* and we believe that in the absence of these the capital would have at once fallen. There can be little doubt that "how long" defences of any kind hold out depends far more on the men that man them than the nature of the defences themselves; but, on the other hand, to assume the certainty of the presence of capable defenders at the fortress, to rest the defence solely on their being there, and therefore to dispense with other and material means of defence, is a most hazardous proceeding. However, Major Clarke's theory deserves, as it is sure to receive, full consideration. On only two other points will we touch. In the very first page Major Clarke deprecates the way in which incidents of warfare have from time to time been adduced in support of theories. The use he has made himself of Tournay and Belfort, leads us to recommend his readers to carefully examine for themselves each of the many instances he employs in the cause he is advocating. We also think that General Brialmont, and those who put forward other systems of permanent fortification than that the value of which seems self-evident to Major Clarke, are not quite idiots, and that they might say a good deal on their own behalf. Finally, whilst cordially agreeing with Major Clarke that the Woolwich teaching is antiquated and in need of radical reform, that the linear and angular fortification exercises still a most pernicious influence on the minds of soldiers, and that the professorial view has too great weight in this branch of military art, as it has had over strategy and tactics, we nevertheless think that a separation of these different matters, and a quieter treatment of them, would not only have carried with it greater weight, but would have been more dignified on the part of the author, and at the same time have enhanced the literary value of his book.

RELIGIOUS STORIES.

1. Alison Walsh: A Study of To-day. By Constance Evelyn. London, Edinburgh, and New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1891.
2. Noah's Ark: A Tale of the Norfolk Broads. By Darley Dale. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1890.
3. Friend Olivia. By Amelia E. Barr. London: James Clarke & Co. 1890.

The religious story, so called because of the usual absence of any religion in its principal character, is very much a product of our own times. According to the views of its author, the principal character may pass from agnosticism to Christianity, or from Christianity to agnosticism; but in either case it is required that he, or she, shall, at any rate for a time, doubt and deny. But there are two other kinds of religious story. One, which is particularly popular with the middle classes, is the didactic story, the story which deduces from impossible characters and the conventional incidents of their history a complete guide for one's own life; the middle classes love this kind of book; and, although they do not read it, they frequently buy it and give it to their young children. The other kind is historical, and is chiefly concerned with a romantic treatment of the history of some religious movement or sect. The three stories which we have selected for notice this week are instances of these three different sorts of religious fiction.

"Alison Walsh" is a story of faith and infidelity. The heroine, a clever girl, is confronted by the difficulties which in our day very often confront the young and clever. She refuses any longer to profess Christianity, but she is persuaded by a minister to read no religious or irreligious book, with the exception of the four gospels, for a period of three months; and she also promises to make an effort to put into practice every precept they contain. At the same time two responsibilities are cast upon her—the guardianship of a child, and the care of a poor outcast woman. She finds that her beliefs, as well as her actions, are not self-regarding; and she shrinks from the responsibility of imparting her disbelief. Such a story can only end in one way. The heroine is a married Christian at the close of it. And it is noticeable that her Christianity is not the result of logical conviction, although some attempt is made by the author to face the questions and problems which are raised at the commencement of the book. In this the author is true to life. The projection of a certain kind of experience upon a certain temperament means faith, quite apart from any intellectual conviction. The tone of the teaching which the story contains is unusually high and noble. We like the heroine's refusal to teach her young charge "to do right for the sake of earthly sugar-plums." There are certain artistic faults. The dialect is poor, and some of the characters are very impossible and conventional. The boldest idea in the book—the secret of the old grandfather's money—only fails for want of adequate treatment. But the story is full of promise. It contains evidence of wide sympathies, a love of justice, and an unprejudiced and not altogether uncultured mind.

"Noah's Ark" is a story with two heroines. They were changed at nurse, and one of them is subsequently recognised by a birth-mark. And we remember that it was not very long ago that we noticed the story of "Rex Raynor," in which the same old and decrepit idea was used. Are we never to have done with these strawberry-marked people? The story also contains an elopement, which is treated after the manner of melodrama. The villain enters the heroine's house by night, and most wickedly and burglariously puts the clock on half an hour. Consequently she arrives too early at the trysting-place, and is met not by the hero but by an emissary of the villain, who leads her to place herself in the villain's power. Then comes an exciting pursuit of the villain and his awful end. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that in the midst of this story we often meet with descriptive passages of some merit, and with much information about the Norfolk Broads, which will be both new and interesting to many readers, and occasionally with the right romantic touch. A word of praise is due to the sketch of old Noah. The author is severe with modern infidelity at times; but we should say that the chief object of the story was to impress a few good lessons upon young people.

On the whole we can recommend "Friend Olivia" as a healthy and fairly interesting story. It is an account of the Quakers and Puritans of Cromwell's time, and its main fault lies in its construction. It is too long, not because it contains over four hundred pages—it might have contained twice that number and been too short—but because it is discursive and keeps the reader waiting. In other respects it shows the hand of an experienced writer, one of rather more than the usual ability. There is the usual number of minor faults. The printer was probably indulging his inveterate spite against the dead languages in—

> "Cui testimonia
> Danter et praeconia."

And there are, every now and then, exceedingly unhappy sentences. We know what our author means when she writes, "The pasty in his hand was only saved from a fall by his mistress's look of sharp inquiry;" but she could probably have expressed the meaning better. We feel, by the way, that it was quite wrong of us to be more interested in Anastasia De Burg than in the heroine Olivia, but we were. There is a distinct danger in allowing one's heroine to be too sinless, even in a religious story.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

BIOGRAPHY is a difficult art, and Mr. McCullagh does not excel in it; at the same time, we hasten to add that he deserves a measure of credit for the plain, straightforward account which he gives of the character and career of the late "Sir William McArthur." It is an honourable and impressive story which Mr. McCullagh has to tell—a story of manly effort, abounding usefulness, widening influence, generous consideration for others, and untiring devotion to the public service. The son of an obscure Methodist minister, of Scottish extraction, William McArthur was born in 1809, at the hamlet of Malin, on the wild coast of Donegal. It goes without saying that the young woollen merchant, who began business in partnership with his brother in Londonderry in 1831, was the architect of his own fortunes. The old historic city on the banks of the Foyle was just then entering upon a period of prosperity, alike in the import and export trade, and Mr. McArthur had the energy and capacity to take advantage of such a fact. His business grew rapidly, from year to year, until in 1857 it seemed imperative for him to make London his headquarters, and for thirty busy, though scarcely eventful, years, his home was in the metropolis. Ten years after he settled in our midst, he was elected sheriff of London, and in 1868 entered Parliament as Liberal member for Lambeth. In the House of Commons, he speedily won the respect of men of all parties, and did so rather by courage and consistency, than by conspicuous ability. Sir Wilfrid Lawson dubbed him "Patron Saint of the Fiji Islands," and that friendly kind of banter points to the chief service which he rendered in Parliament. In 1880 he was elected Lord Mayor, and in 1882 was gazetted a K.C.M.G. in recognition of the "extensive services which he had rendered to Greater Britain, and his devotion to the interests of the Colonies." Sir William McArthur died suddenly in a carriage on the Metropolitan Railway on the 16th of November, 1887. He is described in this book with truth as a "catholic-spirited Christian of wide sympathies," and it is not too much to add that his consistent life and generous hand go far to explain the wide influence which he used so worthily. He was an upright, patriotic citizen, who in a quiet, unassuming, but energetic way sought the welfare of others, and the good of the nation. The Wesleyan Methodists had no representative in municipal or Parliamentary life who was more entitled to honour than Sir William McArthur. This book, however, is somewhat disappointing; it merely skims, for the most part, the surface of Sir William's life, and recounts with laboured precision incidents and events which are already familiar to the public.

There is truth in the assertion that many of the descriptive pamphlets concerning portions of the globe in which colonisation is desired give exaggerated, and often misleading, descriptions of the resources of the country to which the emigrant is urged to turn his steps. So far as we have been able to make out—and we have scanned the book somewhat narrowly—the information furnished in the pages of "The British Colonist in North America" is disinterested and practical. The book is published anonymously, and seems to be written in a benevolent spirit as a "guide for intending emigrants." British Columbia, Manitoba, Oregon, California, New Mexico, and Texas are the chief territories passed in review, and in each case the facts stated, and the hints given, are likely to prove of real utility to prospective settlers. We hope it is not true that one out of every twenty farmers in the State of New York is hopelessly in debt, much less that this evil prevails amongst the same class to a greater or lesser extent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is, however, we fear only too much reason for the assertion that the "money-lenders are now the landlords of America, and their tenants are barely able to make a living and pay their high rates of interest on their indebtedness." In America, as in Europe, all the professions are greatly overcrowded, and there is not a city or town in which the supply of book-keepers and clerks is not lamentably in excess of the land. A great deal of explicit information about climate, crops, the value of land, the cost of fencing, shooting and fishing, timber and fruit, and the chances which await farmers with small capital, will be found in this useful book.

M. Émile de Laveleye, with all the authority which belongs to a professor of political economy, takes up his parable against "Luxury," and seeks to prove that it is pernicious to the individual and fatal to society. He shares, in fact, the view which Joubert long ago expressed, when he declared that all luxury corrupts either the morals or the taste of the community. The definition of luxury which is given by M. de Laveleye is "anything which does not answer to our primary needs, and which, since it costs much money to buy, and consequently much labour to produce, is only within reach of the few." The extreme of luxury he regards is that which destroys the product of many days of labour, without bringing any rational satisfaction in return. Luxury, he argues, may be considered from three different points of view—as a problem of personal morality, as a question of economics, and as a matter with which right and justice are intimately concerned. M. de Laveleye does not advocate sumptuary laws, but he tells us that he rejoices when he sees a country like Norway, or the mountain cantons of Switzerland, where no one buys diamonds, but everyone has sufficient means to buy the necessaries of life. He argues that luxury not only arrests the accumulation of capital, but also calls into play less labour, and that of a more precarious and irregular kind, than the production of useful commodities. The burden of the book is perhaps gathered up in the words "true economic science is in complete agreement with true morality," and that is a statement which we are not prepared to gainsay. The chapters on luxury and the ideal life of the individual, and luxury in relation to the prosperity of nations, are perhaps the most remarkable parts of a singularly outspoken even if one-sided book.

Devotional manuals abound, but amongst the growing number we have seen few more beautiful or deeply spiritual volumes than "The Hospice of the Pilgrim," by the Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D. The centre idea of the book, as well as its title, was suggested to the author by memories of the hospices which provide shelter and rest for storm-beaten or belated travellers on the higher and more perilous passes of Switzerland and Italy. Dr. Macduff's modest work is the outcome of ripe Christian experience, and is written with a deep knowledge of the needs of the human heart as well as with great catholicity of spirit and charm of style.

"Stories from the Bible" is a title which requires no explanation. There are plenty of feeble, well-intentioned books for boys and girls bearing similar titles, but all who are acquainted with the finished and conscientious literary workmanship which mark the stories of Greece and Rome which Mr. A. J. Church has re-told for the benefit of young readers, will look with confidence for a handling of the Old Testament narratives, distinguished by reverence and skill. Mere word-painting is of course conspicuous by its absence. Omissions are made with judgment, and explanations are given with care and conciseness. The language of Scripture has been closely followed, and the illustrations are of more than ordinary artistic merit.

The art of "Cameo-Cutting" in shell—unlike that in precious stones—is of so recent a date that the publication of a practical treatise on the subject cannot be deemed superfluous. The Babylonians and Phœnicians were cunning workmen in precious stones, but they knew nothing of the adaptability of the conch-shell in cameo-cutting. It was not until 1820 that this branch of the art arose in Italy, and only in recent years has it been practised in England. Extremely beautiful results have been obtained, and cameo-cutting in shell is rapidly coming into vogue with amateurs. In this little book Mr. Marsh explains the best methods of acquiring so graceful an accomplishment, and gives a number of practical hints of real value.

Brief books by experts on "Metal-Turning" and "Electro-Motors" have reached us, and in each case they abound in hints which amateurs and practical men alike are sure to prize. Mr. Bottone is an authority on all that pertains to practical electricity, and the foreman pattern-maker who is responsible for the companion volume can claim nearly thirty years' experience in engineers' workshops. Both books are plentifully illustrated with useful diagrams, and in each case a real mastery of the details and difficulties of the subject is apparent on almost every page.

*SIR WILLIAM MCARTHUR, K.C.M.G. A Biography: Religious, Parliamentary, Municipal, Commercial. By Thomas McCullagh. Etched Portrait. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Royal 8vo. (12s. 6d.)

THE BRITISH COLONIST IN NORTH AMERICA. A Guide for Intending Emigrants. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square. Crown 8vo.

LUXURY. By Émile de Laveleye, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Liége. (Social Science Series.) London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

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